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FORGOTTEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am forgotten. Oh! thou sickle friend,
Would I had never loved thee, deemed thee true.

Alas! I never dreamed that this would be the end;
You seemed to love me—then as I loved you.
As I still love thee, dear, even though my love I rue.

Thy cruel silence pains my patient heart,
Long weary months have past since last we met.

Oh! Love, how can I live so far from thee apart?
My longing heart will break with vain and wild regret.

Would that I might like thee, inconstant friend, forget.

And now the Spring is here, with fair blue skies,
And long bright days I thought to spend with you;

But still thou'rt absent, and my weary eyes
Turn from the violets sparkling in the dew,
Weary of all Spring's joys, if thou'rt not with me too.

Oh! but once more to hear thy voice again;
My heart is full of love, and haunting thoughts of thee—

I could not if I would forget thee, all in vain
The thought, for ever in my memory
Thy image still must be enshrined and cherished tenderly.

EVELYN H.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONOUEUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

My story still runs on. I sit in my little porch-room and meditate, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes staring into the fire as if I could see therein, as in a fiery mirror, the scenes that make the chapters in my story; and I feel myself an involuntary author to whom incidents are brought by the outside world, which are laid down before me, giving me nothing to do but to write them out fairly in my book, and number the pages. And when I have copied them out, and have read them over, they fit in so neatly that it surprises me to find how well I have arranged them. But I believe all writing to be a sort of inspiration, and people go on and on, and words shape themselves into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and they scarce know how it has all come, or what they write until after it is written. Some subtle influence causes the hand to move the pen ere one is fully conscious of thought.

How wonderful is everything connected with thought and intellect, how impossible to define or explain. Marvellous as is our physical structure, especially when taken in connection with the adaptation of the different organs to their different uses of sight for seeing, of hearing for catching in sweet sounds and words that thrill to thought and idea; yet, still more wonderful is our mental mechanism, our immaterial organization. How little we understand of ourselves—how little time or attention do we devote to that greatest of all studies—if we may believe the poet—man himself. "Fearfully and wonderfully made." Who shall try to reveal himself to himself and not feel things? Not stand in awe as he strives to comprehend his inner life; his being; the never-ending principle within him; his after-life? Al! that he gets at best, after perhaps an almost life-long pondering, is a momentary flash that ends in darkness. He cannot see far enough—clouds that he cannot pierce hide from him the revelation of himself.

But why these perplexing thoughts? Why do I not content myself with chaos? Alas! the thoughtful mind cannot be satisfied with chaos, it vainly struggles into order. It seems to me that man, the microcosm, is yet in that chaotic mould in which the world lay when it was "without form and void," and that the Voice has yet to come saying, "Let there be light." Oh, that the Spirit might move on the face of these dark, overwhelming waters, and so regenerate the intellect that, seeing, we might see and understand, and satisfy our intellectual cravings.

Oh! how I ramble off when once I begin these speculations. It is well that Doris is not peep into my diary just at present, or she would think that quiet Joyce Dormer's senses were taking leave of her. Therefore, I will return to the thread of my discourse and let such digressions alone.

It is a fortnight since Doris went away, but I feel no uneasiness about her now, since the letter I received assures me that she is safe and with a friend. Who can it be? Can Mr. Chester know? It is so strange that I have had no answer to my letter. I ought to have heard from him before now.

Mr. Carmichael is possessed with the idea that

I know where Doris is; though I have told him over and over again that I am quite ignorant of it, and have answered all the questions he has thought fit to ask me, with the most perfect equanimity. Yet, still he doubts me. He has not much faith in the truthfulness of others. Perhaps because he is not particularly truthful himself. Possibly this is the reason why truthful people are oftentimes deceived; they judge others by themselves, and believe others (until they find themselves mistaken) to be of their own standard. But people can't go on trusting for ever. Trust and distrust require an exercise of discretion, and blind trust is a weakness productive of much evil in spite of a certain halo of faith that hovers over it. Once upon a time Mr. Carmichael's trust in his neighbor's might have been upon a larger scale. And then, /don't trust him. But I have grounds, and he has none. He's told me several untruths, and, of course, after that one can't quite go on believing in people. Oh dear! I hope I shall always be truthful; I know I am at present. Still, Mr. Carmichael does not thoroughly believe me, though he pretends to be satisfied at the present time. I showed him Doris's letter. The postmark was London; but London is a wide place. Mr. Carmichael is there now, and is employing detectives; but, so far, without any result.

I am sure I am as anxious as any one else can be that she should return, for I perceive that Aunt Lotty is fretting sadly, and Mr. Lynn is quite unnerved. Indeed, he is altogether shattered by recent events. I do wish that Doris could see him. She is the person of all others to soften the fearful shock that he has experienced. He finds a ready sympathizer in Aunt Lotty, but that is not like having his own daughter to console him. Mr. Lynn has confided his wife's story to Aunt Lotty, and Aunt Lotty has confided it to me. And it works into my tale like an episode that casts a deeper shade of interest round my heroine. But my heroine is lost, and my hero is abroad.

For Mr. Chester is the hero of my story, and always has been. The hair tressman has had nothing to do with it. He is the horseman in the cloud of dust that I saw in my reveries by the dear old river long ago, and I, like sister Anna, have waved the signal, and he is coming to help in the hour of need. Yes, I have a presentiment that through him Doris will be brought back to us, and then of course the nursery legend will be carried out; the horseman is the old lover who comes and marries Fatima, and thus I shall find a legitimate novel ending to my romance.

Aunt Lotty monies first over her husband's sister, then over Doris, then over Mr. Lynn. Her tender heart is torn, and she goes about with a gentle depressed air. Poor Aunt Lotty! how much capacity there is in her for love and tenderness, and how little it has been drawn forth. The little Lynns have already become quite attached to her, and it is pleasant to see how quickly she understands them. Truly the evening of her life promises to be its happiest time. She cannot get over the mention of herself as one whom the poor wife could have loved.

"It will make me doubly fond of Doris when she comes back," said she, "and to think, dear, that the poor thing saw me there in the churchyard, and I never to have known it, and she Mr. Carmichael's only sister. We're surrounded by wonders, dear. Never did I think that I should come to be connected with such mysteries. Everything was so straightforward and unromantic in the Dormer family; but one never can tell what one may marry into. Marriage is a lottery!"

Though how Aunt Lotty intended her last remark to apply to the subject under discussion I cannot say. It was one of Aunt Lotty's staple quotations that linked itself on with matrimony, as a word rather than as an abstract idea.

Yes, the Dormers were matter-of-fact and straightforward in all their ways, as Aunt Lotty truly observed. I never heard of anything approaching romance in connection with any of the family. They lived, married, died, and were buried in the most orthodox manner. They were never very rich, nor very poor. They lived in comfortable houses, and some of them kept a carriage, but they never went beyond one horse, and the one horse being of the steadiest description there was no fear of accidents or hair-breadth escapes that are occasionally productive of results bordering on the romantic. They never met with any extraordinary piece of luck, nor, on the other hand, with any very great misfortune. They never broke their arms or legs as other people did, though this was not owing to good fortune in time of danger, but simply to their never being placed in any situation in which such catastrophes were likely to occur. In fact, "to live and die," was about all that could have been summed up as a matter for a biographical sketch of any one of the family.

You may see their graves at Credlington, and will find that they mostly lived to the same age, or if they died young, they generally died before they had attained their fourth year. And it is recorded on all their tombstones that they died "in hope," which most people appear to do, though whether their hopes will be realized is not for us to determine.

In fact, a general sameness pervaded the

Dormer family, though at the same time a great deal of quiet happiness reigned in it, which was satisfying as long as one's mind was willing to confine itself within a narrow circle, and had taken no covert glances into a newer or a larger world.

My own life had partaken largely of the Dormer character as far as outward circumstances and influences were brought to bear; but I was an only child, and left very much to my own devices; so journeying daily in the realms of fiction I discovered in my books that there were other paths not quite so smoothly beaten as those that the Dormers trod—paths leading into wilder, fresher regions; and so, though my outer life flowed peacefully as a summer stream, my inner life was like a torrent that, escaping from its native mountains, dashed over rocks and precipices, and strove to make its way to the unknown ocean.

Sometimes, when I had paused to consider some passage that had particularly struck me in my reading, my father would say to me,—"Joyce, child, of what are you dreaming?"

And then my thoughts would travel back from the Utopia that lay outstretched before me, and settle down quietly in Dormerland, and I used to laugh and answer,—"I have been far away to a grand castle; but you have knocked it down, and I have to come home to the old home in Credlington."

And a very happy home it was. And it will be a green spot to look back upon all my life, whatever may befall me. But nothing is likely to befall me, for am I not a Dormer? Here are all kinds of romances happening around me, and I pass unheeded through the midst of them; Aunt Lotty and I, being Dormers, are passive agents, so slightly acted upon that we are after all but mere spectators of the drama played out around us. The Dormer atmosphere effectually acting as a non-conductor.

And so I remain calmly at Green Oaks, and the little porch-room sees me day after day noting down the affairs of others in my diary, and so weaving them into a tale that I perverely enough persist in calling "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO DAYS LATER, FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was in the drawing-room alone yesterday afternoon, Aunt Lotty having gone up to Lynncourt. (What a blessing Lynncourt is to her!) I had opened the piano, and my fingers were lazily rambling over the keys. Now I played a bit of one of Mendelssohn's wordless songs, then a mysterious snatch from Beethoven, and then I strayed into a voluntary of my own, wherein I seemed to hear voices striving to utter their thoughts, but I could not understand them. Now a deep, unexpected chord of wonderful beauty soothed me so inexpressibly that I struck it again and again, now loud and now soft, as though I would make it speak and tell me all its message. But in vain: I could not interpret its meaning. So disappointed, I rushed into a wild melody, wherein, alternately, the treble and the bass took up the strain as though they pleaded against each other; and yet, though seemingly at variance, the cause they pleaded was the same. And still they called to me, and still I listened, and my heart strove to understand, but all in vain! What was their meaning? Portent of joy or sorrow?

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. It was too dark for me to see who it was. I thought from the height that it must be Mr. Lynn; but I was soon undeceived when a voice said,—

"You see, I have brought my own answer, Miss Dormer."

Then I knew it was Mr. Chester. I was thankful that it was dark so that he could not tell how glad I was to see him, and I tried to steady my voice as I replied,—

"I was afraid that my letter had not reached you."

"It did not reach me as soon as you expected, for I had gone away from Rome for a few days; and when I returned and found it awaiting me, I thought the best thing I could do was to set off to England immediately, especially as there was a letter from Doris also, begging me to come to her."

How foolish I am! My heart sank down in a moment, and gave no more leaps. It was quiet enough now. It was not my letter that had brought him, but Doris's; what could be more natural? I ought to have thought of it. I think I should have done so, only I was so glad to see him that I thought of nothing else.

"Then you knew where Doris is?" I asked, after a little pause that I made in order to recover myself.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"That is Doris's secret," returned Mr. Chester, with a smile.

And then I was vexed; so I said, in, I am afraid, a little tone of pique,—

"And yours too?"

"And mine too," replied Mr. Chester gravely; then he added, "do you think I ought to betray my trust?"

Just what had done about the drawing! Mr. Chester would not think me improved. Why will my impulse be ever getting the better of me? All I could do was to say,—

"No." And then I added, "Perhaps I ought

not to have asked; but I am very anxious about Doris."

I meant it as a little apology for my hastiness, and he understood it.

"Miss Dormer," he replied, "how long will you continue to think that I am finding fault with you?"

There was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

And this time impulse succeeded better. "You need not fear much fault-finding as long as you listen to so good a mentor."

It was pleasant to hear a word of appreciation from him, though I knew he was thinking of Doris all the time; and then for the first time it flashed upon me that possibly he had already seen her; and so I asked him whether this was the case? But he answered,—

"No; I came straight to you, for I wished for your advice."

He had come to Green Oaks first! Hush, then, foolish heart! It is only because he is so anxious to do everything for the best for Doris.

"I think Doris should return to us—to her father," I said. "If she knew how much he is suffering, how ill he looks, she could not stay away. It is her duty, too. Her mother appears to have looked forward to it, and to have wished it. And yet, Mr. Chester, there is something I don't quite understand. It seems that, under certain circumstances, the packet would never have been given up. That it was not sent as a last request from Mrs. Gresham to her husband, but that his receiving it depended upon some emergency arising in which Doris needed a protector. It is this point that has so startled Doris: and the only way in which I can account for her objection to going to Lynncourt is, that she thinks her mother did not intend her to go if it could be avoided; and so she has determined, as long as she has health and strength, to render Mr. Lynn's assistance unnecessary."

"I partly gather the same idea from her letter," returned Mr. Chester; "but stronger than this feeling seems to be her distrust of Mr. Carmichael and her determination not to take advantage of anything that he has a hand in. She tells me she cannot define this feeling, nor give any reason for it, but that it has weighed upon her mind ever since she came to Green Oaks."

"It has, I know," I replied. "The very first night she was here she told me of it."

"And you have had a similar feeling, and so have I," said Mr. Chester. "So I suppose there is something in it, though it seems rather uncharitable, since we've none of us any grounds to go upon."

"Mr. Chester, I think—I believe—"

And there I stopped.

"Well, what do you believe?"

"I don't know—I—perhaps—I—"

And again I paused.

"Not very lucid," said Mr. Chester, laughing. "What is it, Miss Dormer, that so perplexes you?"

I laughed, too, and yet I wished I had not begun my sentence, for what right had I to be bringing an accusation against Mr. Carmichael without any proof? And yet in my own mind I was convinced that he had opened Doris's packet.

"I think," I said, "that I ought not to have begun my sentence. Will you consider it unspeakable?"

"Certainly if you really wish it," replied Mr. Chester.

And then I inquired if he had yet opened the packet that Mrs. Gresham had given to him.

"Yes; but it is not for me. The outer envelope was addressed to me, but enclosed I found a letter for Doris, as you see."

And he put his hand into his coat-pocket. He started; the letter was not there.

"I could have been certain that I had it with me, but I suppose I must be mistaken, and that I put it back into my portmanteau. Yes, it must be there," he said, as if trying to assure himself of a fact that he wished to believe.

But I could see that he felt uneasy. At any rate I did, for I felt that on this letter probably depended the happiness of the two involved in this sorrowful affair. Doubtless it was an appeal from the mother to the daughter.

"Oh! it cannot be lost," I exclaimed.

"I trust not," was Mr. Chester's rejoinder. "I think it would, after all, have been safer with you."

"Oh, no; then it would have been certain to—"

What was I thinking of?

"Oh, surely, Mr. Chester, you will find it—you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." Those last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plially but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost."

Mr. Chester looked at me in some surprise. "Miss Dormer, will you not trust me?"

"I have nothing to trust you with."

"Pardon me, there is something."

"Nothing tangible. It is so indefinite. I have no right—I dare not—I ought not to speak."

"For Doris's sake," pleaded Mr. Chester. "But I was firm."

"No, Mr. Chester, not even for Doris's sake at present, though the time may come when I can speak more freely."

I saw by the firelight, for the fire that had been smouldering had suddenly blazed up brightly, that Mr. Chester looked disappointed. But I could not help it. I was determined that he should not draw my thought from me. For it was but a thought, an inspiration, perhaps a revelation; but it was too vague to shape into words just yet.

So I only shook my head when he was going to say something more about it, and then I asked him about his journey, and when he thought of returning.

"Not until I have settled this matter about Doris."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have not helped you much."

"Yes," he answered, "you have satisfied me that my own view on one point is correct. Doris must be persuaded to return to Graythorpe. Lynncourt of course must be her proper home."

"And her inheritance," said I.

"That need not follow."

"He had evidently considered the point. I knew he would not care about the fortune, in spite of what Mr. Carmichael had said. But he did not know how the property was settled."

"It is so settled," I answered, "that the eldest child must have it."

"And this is Mr. Carmichael's way of making an heiress of Doris?"

"Yes; and I believe she would have been far happier without it. And yet but for this fortune I don't believe that Mr. Carmichael would ever have brought her here."

"I don't either."

And then we talked on, and our subject naturally was Doris, until quite suddenly he said,—

"Have I found my way into your story yet, Miss Dormer?"

I was by no means prepared for the question; yet I managed to answer it readily.

"You have, Mr. Chester. You and Doris are my hero and heroine at the present crisis."

And if I had been discomfited by the abruptness of the question, I think he was surprised at my reply, for he looked a little confused. He saw that I had discovered his secret. I was glad to let him know that I had.

"You see," I went on, "that Doris's tressman has worked successfully if you still desire to be a hero."

He did not speak at once, but after a little he said,—

"I thought you did not believe in tressmen."

"But you see this one is beginning to make me credulous. I suppose Doris is an enchantress, and has fascinated me to do her bidding."

"Are you sure that it is Doris's work?" asked Mr. Chester, eagerly.

No, I was sure of nothing of the kind; but I was not going to tell him so, therefore I replied, evasively, (alas! is my truth going?)—

"Who else could have done it? Did she not insist upon having the hair to twist together, and who knows what spells she may have used?"

"I thought you gave the lock freely."

"So I did; for Doris wanted it, and what use to me was a lock of hair that could not be fastened on my head again?"

Oh, dear! where is my truth ebbing to? Had I not given it because he had asked for it; and I, like a simpleton, had fancied that he wished to have it?

Mr. Chester made no reply; but he opened a large locket that was attached to his chain, and took therefrom the curious knot that Doris had so deftly twined. He carefully untied the fastening that bound the ends of the hair; then, with a skill that surprised me, he separated the dark hair from the light; the dark lock he replaced in the locket, the light one he held towards me.

"I have never felt satisfied about keeping it," said he, "and now I restore it to its rightful owner."

My cheeks burned with mortification; I knew he had never cared for it, he preferred having Doris's alone. Mine was forced upon him, and he could not well have refused it. I took the piece of hair, and was about to fling it into the fire; but he held my hand back.

"No, not that," he said.

But with a great effort I wrenched my hand away, and threw the hair into the flames.

"There," said I, "that is the best place for it."

He sprang forward, but it was too late: the flames had devoured it.

Then I stood silent, all my passion was gone; and I wished that I had said nothing about the tressman. But it could not be helped now. And Mr. Chester turned to go away.

"I will write when I have seen Doris, and I will try to persuade her to come back to Graythorpe."

I asked him if he would not wait to see Aunt Lotty, she would be at home before long, but he said his time was limited, and he must go. Then we shook hands, and said "Good-bye" to one another. But when he reached the door he came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I have been very foolish. Will you pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance?"

"No, no; then it would have been certain to—"

"What was I thinking of?"

"Oh, surely, Mr. Chester, you will find it—you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." Those last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plially but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost."

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"

"You have not annoyed me," I replied, in a low tone. "It is I who have been wrong."

"No, no," he returned, "you misunderstand; it is I who am to blame. But we must not quarrel," he added; "we have still one interest in common—Doris."

"Yes," and I felt the subtle imp that I so tried to withstand knocking at the door of my heart. But I shut it fast; it should not enter.

"We part good friends?" and he held out his hand.

"Quite good friends," I replied, giving mine in return.

So we shook hands again, and Mr. Chester went away. And I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the cushions, tried to think over quietly his visit.

I recalled all I had said about Doris, and thought of the day when Doris had made it; and putting the two together I began to be afraid that Mr. Chester would have reason to think me untruthful as well as hasty.

But what does it matter what Mr. Chester thinks? Probably he never thinks at all about a person he so little cares for. Nevertheless, I felt very miserable. And then Aunt Lotty came in, and seeing me lying down, she thought that I must have a headache.

"And you have been crying too, dear," she said, "and that is the worst thing in the world for a headache, though I could have cried over and over again with one."

But I told her that I had no headache, that I felt a little tired, but that none of us need cry now for I had good news for her. Mr. Chester had been here, and he had had a letter from Doris, and knew where she was, and was going to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe.

"And he'll do it," responded Aunt Lotty; "but she won't stay long at Craythorpe, for that wedding is sure to come about. And Joyce, dear, you'll make a very pretty bridesmaid."

CHAPTER XXX.

Joyce Dormer went to her bed that night repeating Aunt Lotty's words: "That wedding is sure to come about." Of course it was; had she not been prophesying it to herself ever since Mr. Chester's first appearance; so what need was there for it to cause her so much consideration? She would dismiss it from her thoughts. She ought to be very glad that Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. She thought she was glad, she tried to persuade herself of it, and then she fell asleep.

Mr. Chester travelling in the night train had also his reflections, and they were as follows:—"She does not care for me, that is plain enough. What a fool I have been to think of such a thing. I will go back to Italy, and stay there until I have forgotten Joyce Dormer."

He rang the changes on these few sentences as he lay back in the carriage endeavoring to go to sleep; but in vain, sleep would not come, or if it vouchsafed its presence for a moment it would not stay, and he woke with a start, muttering—

"She does not care for me!"

As he passed from Shoreditch he saw not the miles of houses any more than Doris had done; neither did he indulge in musings on the city and its inhabitants. It was in comparative darkness as he whirled along; the lights were out in most of the windows, and the street lamps alone stood as sentinels through the night watches. A night shadow had fallen across the city, Mid-night had stretched out her wings and reigned in solemn silence; and from her throne crept forth Fear and Murder and Robbery and Wrong, that revelled in the nighttime, and hated the light of day. But Mid-night was blind and could not see them, so knew not whither they went nor what evil was doing. She heard the startling shriek of agony, the wild cry of terror, the wall of misery, the smothered burst of anguish; but she could give no help, for she was blind, and Mid-night wept upon her stately throne; for she felt desolate and powerless. And still she listened, and through the darkness softer sounds struck on her strained ear; the gentle breathings of quiet sleepers; the prayers of those who prayed for others as well as for themselves; the voice of thankfulness that another child was born to earth; the song of angelic triumph that floated upwards as a soul released from all its cares was carried in angelic arms unto the gates of heaven. Then Mid-night was comforted, and felt that in her reign good mixed with the evil, and that all was not the blackness of despair. But her rule grew feebler, and the gray dawn told of the approach of a gorgeous monarch from the East. He was at some distance yet, so Mid-night struggled to maintain her seat a little longer on her tottering throne.

And still in darkness Mr. Chester reached the station, at which Doris had arrived about a fortnight before. He found, as Doris had done, that there were no conveniences to be had, as he walked to the little town near, and there procured a bed for the remainder of the night, and early the next morning drove over to Linton. He made his way to Mrs. Howell's.

The good woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him.

"Oh, sir! but I'm glad you're come; here's Miss Carmichael dropping like a snow-drop, and I can't do anything to raise her spirits, and I don't know where her friends are, so I can't send to them, and we thought the letter could not have got to you, or surely you'd have answered it."

"I've come myself, and that is better, is it not, Mrs. Howell?"

And at that moment Doris, who had caught the sound of voices, flew downstairs, crying out—

"Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, I am so glad to see you!"

"But I'm not glad to see you looking so ill and so very unlike yourself, my poor child," said Mr. Chester, looking compassionately on Doris, who was whiter than ever, and her large, dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and lustrous.

"You'll tell me what to do, Gabriel?" and she clung to his arm. "I cannot go back to Craythorpe; you don't think I need go there, do you?"

"We must talk it all over, Doris," he answered; "and then you will be ready to do what is best."

Doris did not know; she could never feel that it was best to go back to Craythorpe and take poor Archie's property from him, whatever Gabriel might think.

"Perhaps we could arrange that the property may be left as it is."

Her face brightened.

"Could we? Uncle Carmichael said that nothing could be done to prevent my having it."

"I thought," returned Mr. Chester, smiling, "you told me that you did not trust Uncle Car-

michael; that you did not believe in him; that you had a feeling that, whatever he said must be false, and now you are turning round and are inclined to doubt me, and to believe in him."

Doris looked up; one of her old smiles came over her face, and she laughed.

"Now, dear old Gabriel, that is just what you used to do, making me turn round against myself, whether I would or not. But I don't think I should ever be happy at Lyncourt, even if I could get rid of the fortune and so disappoint Uncle Carmichael. It's just to spite Mr. Lynn, and not on my own account, that he wants me to have it."

"I have guessed that much myself, Doris. But, nevertheless, Lyncourt is the proper place for you. You ought to be with your father."

"But I can't feel as if he were my father," said Doris. "It is so strange. Besides, my mother was not there, and I feel that I cannot live in a place where she ought to have been."

"But, Doris, this is childish. Consider the circumstances. How could it have been otherwise. And if your mother suffered, Mr. Lynn has suffered also, and still suffers. Think what a terrible revelation this has been to him."

"Is he ill?" asked Doris, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No; but Miss Dormer tells me how changed he is."

"Then you've been to Green Oaks and have seen Joyce? What does she say? What does she think?"

"She thinks that you ought to return at once to Craythorpe. We agreed entirely upon that point."

"Then you have been quarrelling about something else?" and Doris looked up longingly.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Chester, somewhat evasively.

"But something like it," pursued Doris. "I wish Joyce would learn to like you, Gabriel. I've tried my best to make her."

"You see she does not," he returned, quietly. "I think you had better leave off trying."

"Perhaps, if you liked her a little better," suggested Doris.

"I do not think that would have any effect. But we will not discuss Miss Dormer's likes and dislikes. I want to settle your affairs. What do you say to my taking you back to Craythorpe?"

"I cannot go," said Doris.

"No, I cannot live at Lyncourt. I shall never be happy there, and I don't want to see Mr. Lynn again."

"Nor Miss Dormer, nor Aunt Lotty?"

"I wish you would call her Joyce, Gabriel. It seems to me that you dislike her as much as she dislikes you."

"Joyce, then; don't you wish to see her?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, how I wish that you and I and Joyce could go far away and leave all those people, and live together somewhere. Oh, why did my mother let Uncle Carmichael know anything about Mr. Lynn; she would not have done so had she known how unhappy it would make me."

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, remembering the packet, "I have a letter for you. Your mother gave it to me some years ago to take care of for you. Will you promise to abide by what she tells you to do in that letter?"

Doris sat for a few moments without speaking, with her hands over her eyes.

Then she said, very slowly, "I will."

"It is my promise," said Mr. Chester. "I ordered the man to drive to the best inn he could find in the village, so I suppose I shall find it there."

Mrs. Howell directed Mr. Chester to the principal inn in the place.

"And what about Miss Carmichael, sir?" she asked, as she followed him to the garden gate.

"I think she ought to go back to her friends, Mrs. Howell."

"So do I, sir, and I hope you'll persuade her to do it. I don't wonder she feels as she does, poor thing, when she looks back upon her mother's sorrows and hardships. I've felt almost to side with her in one way, and yet I can't help seeing that the right course is for her to go back to her own kindred." And Mrs. Howell opened the gate.

"I shan't be long before I'm back again," said Mr. Chester. And he went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favorite Days for Marriage.

The latest reports of the Registrar-General of England and Scotland, show that no two nations could differ more widely than do the English and the Scotch with regard to the choice of days of the week for marriage. The Scotch report, say that the favorite day for marriage, in Scotland is the last day of the year, provided it does not fall on a Saturday or a Sunday. No marriages are celebrated on Sunday in Scotland, while in England it is the favorite day of the week for marriage, thirty-two per cent of the marriages being contracted on that day. Monday is a favorite day in both countries. Saturday, in England, is the third day of the week in order of selection for marriage, seventeen per cent occurring on that day; but in Scotland, no true Scotch will marry on a Saturday, nor, indeed, begin any work of importance. With the Scotch of Sunday is an unlucky day for marriage, and he is impressed with the superstitious belief that, if he married on Saturday, one of the parties would die before the year expired, or that if both survived, the marriage would prove unfruitful. Hence it happens that Sunday and Saturday, the two favorite days for marriage in England, are black days for marriage in Scotland. Friday is the day on which the English do not marry, but in Scotland, it is one of the favorite days for marriage.

Artemus Ward says in "His Book," "A female woman is one of the greatest institutions of which the land can boast. She is good in sickness—good in well-being—good all the time. O woman, woman! You are an angel when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper apparel, and (multifidly speaking) get into pantaloons, and undertake to play the man, you play the devil, and are an emulative nuisance."

CHANCE IN THE PROPERTY STAMP DUTY.—By the Act of Congress approved March 2nd, an important modification is made in the law imposing a stamp duty on probate papers. Where the value of the estate does not exceed one thousand dollars, no stamp is required on the probate of a will or letter of administration. Affidavits are also exempt from stamp duty.

A small chap on the street with a big hat on, stranger sees him, and cries out, "Hallo, hallo, where are you going with that boy?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new serial, called
LORD ELSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novolet of great power and interest.

Our other novolet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete serials to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novolet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The annual Spring Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chestnut above Tenth, is now open. We understand that the present display is an unusually large and fine one. Our Philadelphia readers, and those living in the vicinity of the city, should not fail to visit the exhibition, not only for the pleasure they will themselves receive, but also for the encouragement it affords to the cause of American Art. In the whirl of money getting, we need the softening and refining influences of art. As a great writer said, "The beautiful must be encouraged, the useful will take care of itself." Therefore, not only go once to the Academy, but buy a season ticket, and go often. You will get more good from half-a-dozen visits of half an hour each, than from one long eye-tiring visit of three hours. Pictures are not things to be "done," but to be enjoyed.

AIN'T AND ARN'T.

AIN'T and ARN'T are generally taking the place of ain't in common parlance, as being more correct and elegant. And yet it is not certain that they are either. Webster says of ain't, or, as he spells it, an't, (giving the long sound to the a)—

"An't, in our vulgar dialect, as in the phrases 'I an't, you an't, he an't, &c., is undoubtedly a contraction of the Danish *er, ere*, the substantive verb, in the present tense of the indicative mode, and not, I *er not*, we *er not*, &c.; or of the Swedish *är*, the same verb; inflexible *ers*, to be. These phrases are doubtless legitimate remains of the *Old Norse* dialect."

This would seem to establish the correctness of *ain't* or *an't*; and as to the elegance, there seems to us very little choice between *ain't* and *an't*; the latter being about as harsh a sound as the language can afford. Therefore we conclude that old-fashioned people may continue to use *ain't*, if they wish to.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—By a reference to the advertisement of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in another column, it will be seen that the running time of their trains was altered on Sunday, April 28th. As important changes have been made, travellers will do well to examine the figures before starting for the depot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By THOMAS A. DAVIES, Author of Cosmogony, and Answer to Hugh Miller and Geologists. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

PROMETHEUS IN ATLANTIS. A Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY. An Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach, author of Joseph II. and his Court, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

THE OLD PATRON: OR, THE GREAT VAN ROCK PROPERTY. By JAMES A. MATTHEW, author of "The Watchman," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

CELESTIAL ROCK. The Story of a Year: What I Brought, and What I Taught. By GLAUCO GAYLORD. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MOORE. By LOUISA M. ALCOCK. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Fitcher, New York; and also for sale by G. W. Fitcher, Philadelphia.

THE FORTUNE HUNT. By EDWARD YATES, author of "Broken to Harms," &c. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Fitcher, Philadelphia.

THE LION IN THE PATH. A Novel. By JOHN SEYMOUR, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. Published by Hilt & Co., New York.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE. A Lecture delivered before the Wilmington Institute by H. REEDER SMOOK, Attorney-at-law. Published by Key & Bro., 19 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

PROMOTIONS. "The Atlantic Monthly" for May. "Arthur's Home Magazine" for May. "Arthur's Children's Hour" for May. "American Literary Gazette," and "American Journal of Medical Sciences," and "The Riverside Magazine for Young People," and "Oliver Optic's Magazine," have been duly received.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN RAILWAY COACHES.—The correspondent of one of our exchanges thus bewails the custom introduced on some of the railroads of separating the male from the female passengers:

"That sorting of the flock—putting the ribbons in one car and the whisks in another—while it fails to benefit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whisks, when it is not a positive slander. Pen men up together, and if they do not behave like cattle, it will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkled through the cars, keep the entire train upon its honor, give it a human, homelike look, refine travel, and elevate the car from a common carrier to an educator. 'To have known a woman is a liberal education,' is an old English utterance, good enough for a proverb. But this segregating fashion is barbarous, and worthy of the Turks."

The Boston Post says the purchase of a Roman Empire gives us possession of the aurora borealis.

Economical Living.

There is a method of preparing certain dishes which is not as generally known as its merits entitle it to be; we allude to despatchers. Our first introduction to this system of preparing a "dainty dish fit to set before a king" took place some years ago in Dublin. We were taken by a friend into an oyster shop and despatched oysters for two were ordered. The waiter brought a small tripod stand, supporting a large black tin saucer-shaped dish with a close fitting cover; below this saucer was an open vessel intended to hold a small quantity of spirit. Into the dish the waiter first placed a large pat of fresh butter; to this he added two dozen of oysters with the juice from the shells, a little cayenne, a squeeze of lemon juice, and then covered the whole with bread crumbs. The lid was then put on the top, a small quantity of spirit placed in the lower vessel and ignited; the pale lambent flame played underneath the despatcher; in less than three minutes the spirit had burnt out, the lid was removed, and we partook of one of the most delicious dishes we ever tasted.

On returning to England we inquired for a despatcher, but could not get one readily, and so extemporized one out of two saucepan lids; the handle was knocked off one to serve as the saucer, the other formed the lid. With this humble appliance in our bachelor chambers many a good dish of lobster, oyster, crab, curry, &c., has been made, the despatcher standing sometimes on the hob, or being heated over the small gas stove that boiled the kettle. The contrivance, however, was not equal to the proper appliance, which can be used on the table, and, from being blocked out in one piece of metal, is cleaner in use than a lid, which is of several pieces soldered together. So, on the first opportunity, we ordered one from Dublin, which has done good service to the present time.

To those who like preparing a dish for their own eating, seasoned and done to their own liking, we can strongly recommend this little appliance. It is one that may be used in the most economical manner. If any proof were wanting of this, let us quote the following extract from a letter written a short time since by one of the most celebrated savans of modern times, Mr. Namyth, well known as the inventor of the steam hammer, and as one of the most famous astronomers of modern times. Writing of his early struggles Mr. Namyth states:

"It was the summit of my ambition to get work in Maudslay's establishment; but as my father had not the means to pay any premium I determined to try what I could do to attain my object by submitting to Mr. Maudslay actual specimens of my capability as a young workman and draughtsman; so to this end I set to work and made a small steam-engine, every part of which was the result of my own handiwork, including the casting and forging of the parts. This I turned out in such a style as I should be proud to own now. Armed with such means of obtaining the good feeling of the great Henry Maudslay, I sailed on the 19th of May, 1829, to London, in a Leith smack, and, after an eight days' voyage, saw London, for the first time. I made bold to call on Mr. Maudslay, and told him my simple tale. He desired me to bring my models for him to look at. I did so, and when he came to me I could see by the expression of his cheerful, well-remembered countenance that I had attained my great object. He left me to arrange as to wages with his chief cashier, Mr. Robert Young; and on the first Saturday evening I made bold to go to the counting-house and speak to Mr. Young as to wages. He asked me what would satisfy me. I, not knowing the vast value of the situation I had obtained, and having a very modest notion of my worthlessness to occupy it, said, if he would not consider 10s. per week too much, I thought I could do well with that. He little knew that I had determined not to cost my father another farthing when I left home to begin the world on my own account; so I suppose he imagined I had means 'forbye' the 10s. per week. Well do I remember the pride and delight I felt when I carried to my three-shilling per week lodging that night my first wages. Ample they were in my idea, as I knew how little I could live on, and that by strict economy I could live quite within the 10s. per week. To this end I contrived a small cooking apparatus, that I forthwith got made by a tinsmith in Lambeth, and which cost 6s., and by its aid I managed to keep the eating and drinking part of my private account within 3s. 6d. per week, or 4s. at the outside. I had three meat dinners in the week, and generally four rice and milk dinners, all of which were cooked by my little apparatus, which I set in action after breakfast, placing a small lamp in the situation near it. The oil cost not quite a halfpenny per day; the meat dinners consisted of a stew of leg of beef, the meat costing 3s. 6d. per pound, with sliced potatoes and a little onion, and as much water as just covered all, with a sprinkling of salt and black pepper, by the time I returned to dinner at half-past six, I found a repast in every respect as good as my appetite. The stew was done to perfection, and a right savory mess it was. About half or three-quarters of a pound of such meat yielded, with the potatoes, &c., a most ample dinner. For breakfast I had coffee and a due proportion of a quarter loaf—a real quarter, for it was always weighed, and when it did not turn the scale the full weight was made up by the addition of a cut from another loaf. I am the more particular in all this, to show you that I was a thrifty housekeeper, although only a lodger in a three-shilling room. My cooking apparatus, when at work, stood on the hub of the grate, and when I returned home at evening the flavor of the stew told that it was a right savory mess; and so it was in very deed and truth. I have the apparatus by me yet, and I shall have another dinner out of it ere I am a year older, out of regard to days that were full of the romance of life."

According to the report of the Agricultural Department, the United States supports about 5,000,000 degrees of every degree, at an annual expense of \$50,000,000.

A young man in Ashland, Ohio, recently jilted by a coquette, who married another, recovered \$230 for presents made her during courtship, and six cents for injured affections.

The Western Reserve (Ohio) Chronicle, says that a family, consisting of a father, mother, and twenty-three children, recently moved into that section.

The Chambersburg Repository asserts that a man in Fulton county, in this state, recently sold his wife and children to a peddler for \$17, giving a bill of sale.

The Emperor of Brazil has put a tombstone over the grave of a poet who died of starvation in his dominions.

A Child Eaten by Snakes.

In the early part of the month of August last, a girl named Eliza Drummond, about 11 years of age, whose parents live near the town of West Monroe, in this county, left her home one morning for the purpose of picking berries and never returned. The most diligent search was made for her by the parents and neighbors, but no traces could be found. She had not been drowned, for all places where there was any water were carefully examined, even to wells and cisterns in the neighborhood. After weeks of fruitless search and inquiry, the afflicted parents gave up their child for lost. It was reported that a band of vagrants had been seen near the locality about the time of the disappearance and the opinion prevailed that the child had been stolen by gypsies.

The event, which created a profound sensation at the time, had almost passed from the minds of all save the stricken parents, when it was painfully recalled by a recent occurrence. On Tuesday last five or six lads went out hunting in the vicinity, and during the day came upon a spot where a large number of black snakes were discovered and killed. The appearance of the reptiles in such numbers, and at this season of the year, was considered remarkable, and it was suggested by one of the party that a breeding den was near. A search was immediately commenced which resulted in a manner far different from their expectations.

In the side of a little hill, near the edge of a swamp, was found a sort of opening, which, in the summer, was concealed by tall grass and bushes. In this opening was found a human skeleton, from which every particle of flesh had been taken. The bones were as white as ivory, and all perfect. Near by was a tin pail, in a rusted condition and a tin cup. The boys were terribly frightened, and gave the alarm. The remains were taken from the mouth of the den, and an examination showed that the place had been and probably now was, a breeding place for black snakes. The boldest hesitated to enter. The entrance which was large enough for the admission of a man's body, grew smaller and tended downward. Lighted balls of hay soaked in kerosene were thrown into the cavity, and in less than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes, ranging in length from one and a half to four feet were killed.

The pail and cup were recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken away by their child when she went away for the last time. The physicians pronounced the remains those of a female child, and there can be no doubt but that the poor little girl, while picking berries in the vicinity of the spot, got tired, seated herself in the shade of the opening to this horrible den, was attacked by the reptiles in numbers and killed. The discovery has shocked the whole community, and almost prostrated the stricken parents, whose hearts are made to bleed anew at the thought of the horrible fate which deprived them of their child.—Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium, March 10th.

Decorate the Homestead.

The mild breath of spring and the music of the early birds reminds us that the season approaches for planting, not only vegetables and grains necessary for man's subsistence, but shrubs, trees and flowers to feed the eye and nourish the taste.

There is no homestead on which a little judicious labor will not result in more or less pleasure hereafter. None on which there is not some rock or corner that can be beautified by a vine, a shrub or a plant of flowers. Nature will do her part if we perform ours, and many a barren and ugly yard or common may thus become a thing of beauty, adding to the pure joys of home. Next to wholesome food, more pleasures are necessary to enliven our spirits, promote our good health and give zest to rural life. What can give greater satisfaction to a family of refined taste than to have the grounds around the homestead decorated with the beauties of nature so bountifully furnished us? The species and varieties of trees, shrubs, roses, vines, &c., are now so numerous that a choice selection can be made to suit every climate, soil and exposure, and to bloom and fruit all the growing season. See them tastefully arranged and gorgeously dressed with foliage of various colors, and decked with blooms far transcending the most costly jewelry in brilliancy, and perfuming the air with their fragrance. In windy days they gracefully bow, prance, and whirl around like brightly youth in the dance, and the melody of the breeze serves them for music. How beautiful the picture and great the enjoyment to those who can appreciate them. It makes a cot a palace, a home a paradise; the owner a king, and his wife a queen; it imparts a dignity to the manly graces of sons, and lustre to the beauties and virtues of daughters. The passing wayfarer is delighted with the scene, and sets it down in his mind as the abode of the great and good in heart, and the virtuous and wise in action.

After planting climbing vines to clothe the veranda, and a few deciduous trees around the house for shade in summer, all the other trees, shrubs and roses should be so arranged over the lawn that all will be seen at one view. Set the more dwarf nearer the house, and the taller farther off, and they will appear to rise in graceful folds as they recede from the eye, and the contrast of size, form and color of the various individuals will show to greater advantage, and that will give additional graces to their charms.

The influence of the moon upon the weather has been investigated by Professor Marcol, of Geneva, who has worked upon the meteorological tables from 1800 to 1860 in the Bibliothèque de Genève, and who has given the results in tables in the same journal. During the last sixty years (21,915 days, 742 lunar months) there have occurred 2,630 changes of weather—that is, from rainy to fine weather, or fine weather to rainy. Of these 2,630 changes, 93 happened at new moon, and 90 at full moon; 109 occurred on the day following the full moon and 107 on that following the new moon. It is hence calculated that the probability of a change of weather occurring on the day of the full moon is 0.131; at new moon, 0.125; the day after full moon, 0.143; the day after new moon, 0.148. The influence of the moon upon the number of days of rain and the quantity of water which falls the professor regards as negative. With reference to the barometer, he states that of the 2,630 changes of weather, the barometer prophesied 1,960 times correctly. This approaches nearly to the proportion of three times out of four.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom, and to forgive it, of great mind.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OOSMO.NATURAL CURIOSITIES—CRYSTAL CASCADE—EL
CAPITANO DO DIAVO—AN ARMED CAVALCADE—
LATEST NEWS—A CHANCE OF FORTUNE—A
SCRAPE—SLIGHT FURNISH—SERIOUS CON-
SEQUENCES—BRILLIANT FIREWORKS.

Our purpose and plan of route had been to go direct from Ayacucho to Arequipa and thence towards Arica, on the coast, deviating from a right line between the two latter towns—first to the right, to visit Tacna, a place of small commercial importance, but of considerable fame in Peruvian history; and after Tacna, we would make a detour of fifteen leagues to the left in order to visit Los Angeles, an insignificant village, having nothing in itself to attract a traveller to it; but in its vicinity two natural curiosities, each worth a pilgrimage of ten times the distance to them from our direct route—curiosities that no foreigner passing through Peru should neglect becoming personally acquainted with. Subsequently a portion of our party made a visit to these two natural "lions" a peculiarity, and as they are not legitimately in regular Bohemian line of travel, perhaps it may be proper to make a "side show" of them here by a brief description:—

At a distance of a little more than a league from the village, in a southeastern direction, is located the first, or principal "lion," called the Crystal Cascade. It is rather a serial compound of cascades and cataracts, as within a distance of less than a mile the waters of an Andean stream, swollen at the period of our visit into a furious torrent, fall about five hundred and forty feet—some times rushing in a smother of foam down a single of forty five degrees, from its base shooting through a level cut of fifty yards or so—then plunging perpendicular over a ledge fifty or fifty feet, forming at its foot a whirling vortex, out of which the mad torrent dives roaring down another inclined plane, and so on, cascade following cataract and cataract cascade, like by level shoots and seething cauldrons, until at length the vexed waters quiet down a level declivity, subside into a racing, silver-surfaced stream, flowing peacefully between two steep banks fringed with flowers, and trees bearing tropical fruits.

The name, Crystal Cascade, is eminently applicable, the whole course of the cataract series zig-zagging through and down a rugged chasm, the bottom and sides of which are literally masses of clear rock crystal, pointed, jagged, and fantastic in form, here rising in irregular masses out of the rapid, rushing water, there forming the perpendicular or overhanging ledge, down which the roaring waters leap with hissing howls; and again confining the fretful tide in narrow limits, as with walls of conglomerate diamonds, along the whole mile of cascade and cataract, bottom, sides, and shelving ledges one mass of brilliant crystals. When the sunlight falls full and clear along the length of the gorge, the leaping, sparkling water, thousands of beautiful rainbows painted on the hovering vapor, and flashing refracted rays flung back from millions of crystal surfaces, all combine to form a cascade picture magnificent beyond imagination.

About half a mile from the foot of the lower cascade the stream divides in two parts, the volume of each and angle of divergence being fairly represented by a capital Y, the left hand, and larger portion deflecting several degrees from a right line more than the smaller one, flowing in smiling quiet and seeming self-complacency with a smooth, silvery surface, between beautiful banks for the distance of nearly two miles, apparently the happiest Andean stream in existence. Not a remote indication of suicidal self-destruction is manifest. But having thus far run its smiling course, all at once it begins to accelerate its speed, running more rapidly in each successive rod, but maintaining still its smooth, silvery surface, only rushing on more rapidly, until at the distance of a third of a mile from where the race begins, the stream plunges its unbroken volumes headlong down into a circular pit, with brownish black walls of vitrified rock, evidence that at some early period the opening had been the crater of an active volcano.

There must still exist far below the surface fierce subterranean fires, which the whole volume of the stream, everlastingly poured down into the pit, is inadequate to quench. The meeting and mingling of such masses of fire and water, however, makes a terrific tumult far down in the bowels of the earth, the indication of which are shuddering throes of the surface, with sounds of continual hissing and bubbling, well represented in sound by plunging a mass of red hot iron into cold water contained in a close cask. Besides this continual bubbling, there are awful groans, sharp, quick yells, wheezy grunts, abrupt snorts, and smothered shrieks, all of which come faintly up to the surface along with volumes of dense, hot, sulphurous vapor, pungent and bitter, even when most diluted with pure air, so that inhaled it induces coughing, sneezing, and in some instances slight hemorrhage of the lungs and considerable nausea.

The Peruvian Soniarde calls the singular pit *El Capeterno do Diavo*, (the coffee pot of the devil), which though rather rude in expression, is perhaps as appropriate as any cognomen that could have been applied to the strange phenomenon; unless it be that given by the natives—*Quasi tota la pen talha*, meaning literally interpreted—"where the river ends."

We were riding towards Arequipa, and had proceeded perhaps four leagues, when just as we approached a pass leading up and through a stretch of rugged, densely wooded sierra, we were met by a party of mounted Arequipans, eighteen in all, among them a German gentleman, two Americans and three English gentlemen, all residents and merchants of Arequipa.

The other twelve were Spaniards, personal friends of Col. Keeling's. They were all superbly mounted and efficiently armed, a necessity of the times, locality, and their political profession. They were staunch Eoboliquians, and as all the country around Arequipa was infested with small parties of mounted vagabonds, claiming to belong to the Santa Cruzian party, but who were generally rather pious and miscellaneous plunderers than respectable politicians, a strong party, well armed and mounted, was the only safe passport. They had encountered and dispersed two small parties of marauders, the last one but half an hour previously, killing two and disabling five of their number, without one of themselves or animals having received a scratch. They had reason to believe that the guerrillas in stronger force were in the sierra not very far off, and would probably attack us, if an oppor-

tunity for their doing so at advantage, should offer.

A council of war was called, and in five minutes the decision unanimously arrived at that we would afford the vagabonds no advantage of attack if we could avoid it, but as early an opportunity for a fair fight as they might choose to embrace. In accordance with this resolution, rifles and revolvers were carefully put in prime order, lances and lassos adjusted, our pack animals and non-combatants were brought to the centre, a rear guard, and scouts to ride on either flank were detailed; and as for the women, the advice that they should ride by the pack animals, might as well have been withheld for all the heed they gave to it. Several of them unsling their rifles, and our pretty "Oriole" Edith, usually so serenely conservative, spoke promptly for the pettiest party:—

"Gentlemen, we will ride nowhere else than we are accustomed to do—head and stirrup with you. If there comes danger, we know how to face it—If fighting, we will perform our part the best we can. Don't you know that the rascals would shoot us as easily covering beside the pack animals as they could in any other position? We shall all ride in our accustomed places, and if the necessity arises, forget that we are women and conduct ourselves like men!"

"Viva! Bravo! Bravissimo!" were the lusty shouts given in ready response to our Baltimore beauty's brave speech, our cavaliers from Arequipa all joining vociferously in the applause, and so by acclamation it was decided that our undisciplined uncontrollables were all to ride where they would, and do in all things as they pleased, as was their habit upon all occasions.

That being arranged, the errand of our friends from Arequipa was communicated. They had come to meet, and advise us that it would be the height of imprudence for us to proceed in that direction for any considerable distance, and dangerous in the extreme for us to attempt to reach and enter Arequipa. The city was besieged on three sides by the forces of Santa Cruz, revolution was rampant within the town. We should be certainly intercepted in an attempt to enter the city, plundered, and the strong probability was, murdered—every man and woman of us.

A battle between the two political armies was impending, and would very soon be fought, very near to—probably within the city itself, and until one of the parties should become masters of the situation there would be no safety there for life or property, particularly where those commodities happened to belong to strangers.

The consular agent, whom Capt. Marvin was going to supersede as regular consul, represented the English as well as American interest at Arequipa, and having by several imprudent acts rendered himself highly obnoxious to both political parties, and his presence being no longer any protection to the lives and property of foreign residents, the special errand of the English and American portion of the cavalcade was to urge Capt. Marvin to hasten forward, as assume his official position, and under the united flag of the two countries afford aid and protection to all entitled to receive it.

The Spanish deputation came expressly to meet Col. Keeling, bringing for him from Echiquine a commission as general of division, and a message from the great military chieftain and aspirant to presidential position, urging him to hasten forward and assume command of the Army of the Republic, assembled at Arequipa. Echiquine himself was hurrying forward from the direction of Lima with a formidable force, intending to give Santa Cruz battle, raise the siege of the city, and decide the presidential contest by one dashing stroke.

This intelligence called for another general council, in which it was decided, without wasting many words, that a change of route was an absolute and immediate necessity. The new Gen. Keeling, having a better topographical and political knowledge of all that region of Peru than was possessed by any one else among us, his opinion and advice was eagerly solicited. Both were freely and frankly offered, and promptly accepted. So it was settled that instead of going to Arica via Arequipa, Tacna and Los Angeles, we would make the shortest cut to the coast by a course nearly due west, passing through a broad gap in the coast range, and the entire distance over the most magnificent champagne country in Peru, perhaps in the world.

By pursuing this route, we should not only traverse one of the most fruitful and delightful regions in all South America, having in its whole extent no broken, rough riding, and nowhere disturbed by intestine war, or the fierce political squabbles that were so distracting private peace and public prosperity.

Arrived at Ica, an insignificant, but very pretty, quiet village on the coast, some thirty odd leagues south of the famous Chincha, we would make that town our temporary headquarters until the arrival of the bark Emerald, the captain of which Consul Maraden would be despatch instructions from Arequipa, when we would all embark on board of her, only leaving our animals and their attendants at Ica, until such time as the great political question should be settled, peace and order restored, and we might resume our interior explorations without molestation. In the meantime a season of sea life, though it would be but along-shore cruise, would be a delightful change, our persons and property, with the many valuable specimens we had gathered in our vagabond wanderings, would all be safer on board the Emerald, under the American flag, than anywhere on shore, we should be comfortably bestowed in our old oyster quarters, and during the continuance of hostilities a sort of general coast survey, extending from the Chincha to Arica, and the "doing" of such towns along the coast as afforded safe harbor for our ship, should furnish us occupation and amusement.

The new programme all satisfactorily arranged, the next important matter was dinner. It was near our usual out-door hour, our friends from Arequipa were to dine with us of course, and we began looking for a locality provided with the necessary requisites, wood and water. We had passed the first ridge or spur of the rugged, rocky sierra, and ridden down into a little narrow, serpentine, grassy valley, along the bottom of which flowed a stream of pure, cold water, and the popular opinion was, that following the stream up a short distance, we should find wood convenient for cooking purposes.

So we did, and something besides that we were not in the least looking for, for animated by our new arrangements we had so soon forgotten our late caution and military precautions. We were riding as carelessly as a party possibly could, promiscuously mixed up, men and women, in array as orderly as a drove of sheep hurrying homeward, all chattering like a tree-top convulsion of black birds, till turning an abrupt angle in the narrow valley we suddenly received a

laden salute from a score of muskets, several of the missiles whizzing past unpleasantly close, without inflicting any damage to any one, however. After all our preparations, we were fairly surprised.

The spot where we were going to dine, some seventy-five yards up the stream, was already occupied. The little valley at this point widened out into a beautiful level glade, with a fine grove on both sides of the stream, and within the grove were at least a hundred Peruvian pizarros of the Santa Cruz faction, whose dinner our noisy approach had interrupted, and whose bullets had unceremoniously interrupted our conversation.

Though the vagabonds had certainly surprised us, they had themselves fallen into a fatal error in firing upon our party as they had done. They had seen only the party from Arequipa, with some half a dozen, or so of our own, who happened to be riding in front, and having no idea of the formidable force in the rear, they had fired too soon, forgetting the precaution of getting to saddle before commencing hostilities. Their horses were unbridled and tethered out to grass, and so we had the rascals at all advantages.

The head of our column, without halting, returned the fire with their more efficient rifles, five of the twenty bullets dropping dead each its target, and before the astonished vagabonds could rally or reply, a dozen of our sharpshooters dashed forward and cracked away with their heavy "Lansingburghs," that almost always sent their bullets to the centre. There was a scattering, harmless reply, followed by a general charge of our whole party at a hand gallop, O'Hara leading, wild with excitement, and yelling, as he drove headlong in among the routed rascals:—

"Back—front! By the left—flights! Charge!"

Such scrambling and scrambling, shouting and shooting as there were for a quarter of an hour, made or would have made a laughable comedy, had there not been so much of tragedy in the scene. And then the drama was terminated abruptly. Twenty odd of the vagabonds had made the last mistake of their lifetime; more than that number had been seriously hurt, and the remainder, all but about a half dozen who managed to get off clear, surrendered at discretion. As we wanted no prisoners, the land pirates were left off with an admonition that if they in any manner disturbed us again they would be hunted down until not one of them was left alive.

Not caring to dine on the battle field, with dead men lying about us, we rode some two miles further up the stream, where, coming to another eligible spot, we proceeded to prepare dinner, and during the meal, it being some two hours later than usual on account of the skirmish, and several important matters requiring to be discussed, it was voted to go into camp for the night.

During the evening and until long past midnight we had one of the most magnificent displays of fireworks that can be imagined. Everywhere over all the surface of the ground great greenish brown glow worms gave forth pure lambent fires, almost as brilliant as a clear burning match, while above the surface, to the height of ten feet, the air was literally alive with millions of fire flies, that flashed out their phosphorescent lights so incessantly that the whole atmosphere seemed in a continuous quivering blaze.

We hear much of the romantic evening rambles of lovers, but there is often a great deal of moonshine about it.

The microscope has revealed the curious fact that perforations made by the electric spark are always pentagonal in form.

In an English railway car, a short time since, an individual who persisted in smoking a cigar after he had been requested not to do so, was summarily ejected by the outraged passengers. The aggrieved smoker caused the arrest of one of his assailants, and charged him with assault and battery. The magistrate before whom the case was tried decided that the smoker had given sufficient provocation for the assault, and he was doubtful if he would not be compelled to lock him up for assault and battery in puffing smoke in other people's faces.

Of Hon. Daniel D. Barnes, of Weston, Mo., who died on the 14th ult., it is stated that since his wife's death he would often lie on her grave all night, exclaiming that he longed to be buried with her. From time to time he stated that he should die within a year from her death, and within a day of the limit he set his words proved true.

Ben. Wood has become enraged at the Herald items in reference to his gambling, and says:—"Therefore, contrary to our disposition and taste, on the very first renewal of Mr. Bennett's interference with our private acts, we shall commence such an exposition of his private affairs as will tend, we believe, to put a stop to his reckless disregard of the decencies of life."

"Mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well known love of silence.

One of our liberal ministers who was recently "done up" in a phenological paper, on seeing his likeness, exclaimed "Deliver me from the snare of the Fowler."

The great question of the day in Cambridge, Mass., still is—Should girls be whipped in our public schools? Would it not be better to send some moral reform missionaries to Cambridge?

The rush of Americans to Europe has not yet begun. It will be late in the season before those 400,000 Americans expected by the hotel and shopkeepers of Paris, will apply for accommodations.

Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said: "I have been to see Mrs. —." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

If a Cat's pistol had six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

When guns go off, do they return again? No, but we hear from them.

Some of the "young uns" of the California big tree family are growing prosperously near Rochester, New York, from seeds planted thirteen or fourteen years since, and bid fair to rival their ancestors in time—say two or three thousand years.

A student of Shakespeare has discovered that in the course of his plays he winks a vessel at Bermuda, on her passage from Naples to Tunis; runs the ship of Antigonus ashore on the "deserts of Bohemia!" and sends the Tiger and its master to the inland city of Aleppo!!!

Chicago Amusements.

The "Fat Contributor" gets off the following, calling splendid Chicago, the "city of horrors." They are peculiar folks, the people of Chicago. They delight in horrors. They have horrors for dinner, horrors for supper, and a quantity of cold horrors are warmed over for breakfast. Their newspapers are filled with them. They afford them an agreeable excitement during the day, and form the cheerful subject of their conversation at their evening sociables. If they want to entertain a stranger, they show him the scene of the latest murder or suicide. They mean it all right—it is their way, that's all. As your New York friend takes you to the Central Park, or to Barnum's, to amuse you, so your friend in Chicago conducts you to the place where some thrilling and bloody tragedy has been enacted.

I am visiting the house of a friend, an old resident. The first morning he awoke me at an early hour.

"Come," said he, in a glow of pleasurable excitement, "get up, my boy. There is an hour before breakfast, and we will have time to visit the interesting spot."

"What spot?" said I.

"Why, the spot where the dreadful murder was committed last night," said he, rubbing his hands with delightful expectation. "You was lucky to come just as you did—this is the biggest thing of the kind we've had yet—husband kills his wife and nine children with an axe, shoots two policemen, beats another so that he is not expected to live, sets fire to three houses and a barn, swallows half a bushel of counterfeit money, and commits suicide in the tunnel! Immense excitement about it. Here it is, all in the Tribune."

I declined to go, much as it would have enhanced my appetite, doubtless, and he really felt hurt that the little excursion that he had planned for my enjoyment was not appreciated and eagerly accepted.

After breakfast we sauntered out for a walk. He said he wanted to show me the sights of Chicago, and appeared eagerly anxious to render my visit to the city as agreeable as possible.

"Want to attend an inquest?" said he, pleasantly. "Suicide last night on — street. Stupid affair, though—wouldn't interest you. Took poison—more interesting when they—" and he made a horribly suggestive motion with his finger across his throat.

He took me on a walk along the river, "to see," as he said, "if they were fishing anybody out," and he pointed out several interesting spots where people had jumped or been thrown in. He introduced me to another citizen with the remark that I was a stranger, and he was showing me the city.

"Ah!" said the other citizen, eager for my entertainment; "have you visited the scene of the — tragedy, or been to the spot where the thirteen dead infants were found sewed up in one pillow case? You must go and see the Driving Park before you go back. Terrible affair happened there—man drove against a fence board in a horse race and was killed. We can show you the very board."

Another citizen insisted upon our visiting his house. While he wanted us to see about some light refreshments, I picked up a photographic album, and it was filled with likenesses of the most hardened criminals that Chicago had produced. He pointed with much pride to a bay window in his back parlor, because it overlooked the scene of a terrible assassination.

"What are your amusements?" said I, at length, anxious to change the subject of conversation.

"Attending inquests, sitting on Coroner's juries, dragging the river, looking in at the Police Court, listening to divorce trials, and attending executions."

I can't stand any more Chicago, and I leave to-night. Why, don't you believe my friend, as an inducement for me to prolong my stay, offered to take me out to-night and get me garroted? I said he thought it would be a novelty to me! I should say it would. He added that they thought nothing of being garroted in Chicago—they were used to it, and it was nothing after you get used to it.

He said he had kept a very choice horror to show me to-morrow. He wouldn't show it to everybody, but he had set out to entertain me, and he was bound to do it. "I know," said he, looking very carefully around to see that nobody was listening, and whispering with an air of mingled mystery and gratification, "I know where we can go and see a barrel of human remains." And he threw himself back in his chair and looked at me with a flush of triumph, as though he had overwhelmed me with such inducements to remain that I could not possibly resist.

FORTUNE AT A SINGLE BLOW—"I find," said a shrewd merchant, "I make most money when I am least anxious about it." There is practical philosophy in this remark. Caution, prudence, sagacity, and deliberation are all necessary to business success. Some men, it is true, get rich suddenly, but the great majority do not, and cannot. Bonaparte once said, "I have no idea of a merchant's acquiring a fortune as a general rule—a battle—at a single blow." Such fortunes too often vanish suddenly.

By warmth and judicious feeding, says Mr. Bennett, a hen may be made to lay as many eggs in two years as she would under ordinary circumstances in three; and every one knows, or ought to know, that a fowl fatted at two years old, is much more tender and palatable than one that is older.

The editor of the Norwich Bulletin not only accepts telegram, photograph, lithogram, and all other grams changed from graphs, but he proposes when the next menagerie comes along, to change the giraffe into a gram.

According to last year's tax books, there are 158,818 voters in Georgia, of which 89,909 are white, and 68,909 colored. Of the whole number, about 15,000 are disfranchised under the Reconstruction Act.

FASHIONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE—Miss Parker, an American lady, wore a dress at one of the balls in Paris, trimmed with lace, valued at over \$10,000.

An Indian got drunk in Bangor, Me., a few nights since, and was taken to the watch-house. On being pressed to tell where he got his liquor, he said, with emphasis: "Injun drink, not to squawm."

The London Court Journal says: "False care of flesh color—India rubber—have been invented for the use of ladies with large ears. They are used in front of the real ears, which are drawn back and concealed under the hair." No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novels, which will appear successively:—

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BERNEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number. These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the latest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 50 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No 319 Walnut St., Philada.

SPRING.

Sierra winter now reigns the length'ning day;
—Michael Bruce.

The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
—Thos. Carver.

Invite my steps, and point to yonder glade,
—Pope.

Beneath these rugged elms; that yew tree's shade,
—Gray.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
—Milton.

At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
—Carver.

Did add its beauty to the budding green,
—John Clare.

No sound, save of the night wind's gentlest sigh,
—B. Barton.

Was by the low winds chanted in the sky,
—John Wilson.

"Come here, and rest thee, gentle stranger;
—H. Whitworth.

And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home,
—H. Kirk White.

To yonder bench, leaf sheltered, let us stray,
—Gilbert White.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
—Goldsmith.

"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries;
—R. Hemfield.

And echo swells the chorus to the skies,
—Jas. Beattie.

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night and nobody a bit the wiser."

A newspaper correspondent, writing relative to a recent meeting between Gen. Hancock and a number of Cheyenne chiefs, says:—"We saw a great many noble faces among the Indians around the council fire. One of them had the very features of 'Old Hickory.' We were formerly under the impression that there were no noble looking Indians, or had never existed save in the fervid imagination of a Fenimore Cooper, but we dare to say that they do exist even at the present day, and that we have seen them."

It is reported, weigh on an average a pound each, and each pound represents five bushels of corn. A ship laden with corn was recently discharged at Antwerp and an immense swarm of rats of enormous size rushed from the hold and invaded the neighboring vessels, warehouses and habitations. The workmen were obliged to retreat to give passage to these unwelcome strangers.

A Suggestion.—To sort potatoes or apples, stand upright and save the backache; it is more healthy. Make a platform three by three feet, with sides four or six inches high. Leave a gap at one corner to pour out from. Set the form on a barrel or other support, and pour a bushel of apples at a time on it, and sort them standing. It is easier to sit up than to stoop down.

In Belgium, where every post office has its telegraph wire, a message of twenty words is sent to any part of the kingdom for ten cents. In Switzerland, under the same system, both messages and money orders can be sent at very low rates, and people send more messages than letters.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if I were sent to curse them not,
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful—so bright a thing;
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious appareling;
That sea and sky should live and glow,
With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet men never seem to know
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down, and light
Like floods of gold the Western sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above—
And then when men should soar, if ever,
To the high home of thought and soul—
When life's degrading ties should sever,
And the free spirit spun control—
Then have I seen, and how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel
That truth is in the words I speak—
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
A way to their unhalloed mirth
As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share;
And glorious heaven were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I've found unworthiness of thought;
And when I deemed I just had caught
The distance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rosy lips looked eloquent—
Oh! I have turned away and wept to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I stood in one of those high halls
Where Genius breathes in sculptured stone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
On pencilled beauty. They had gone,
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
Had wrought such power; but yet they spoke
To me in every feature still.
And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly
To life and motion. I had knelt
And wept with Mary, at the tree
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the stern buffet of the Jew—
Had seen the Son of Glory bow,
And bleed for sins He never knew—
And I had wept. I thought that all
Must feel like me—and when there came
A stranger, bright and beautiful,
With step of grace, and eye of flame,
And tone and look most sweetly bent
To me—her presence eloquent,
Oh! then I looked for tears. We stood
Before the scene of Calvary—
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the writhing of agony—
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
"Father, forgive them"—all was there:
I turned, in bitterness of soul,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
If I feelings would refuse control;
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it earnestly,
And coldly curled her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment. Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for Thee?

Oh! what is woman—what her smile—
Her look of love—her eye of light—
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow;
Or linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

MY LORD—I dare say you will not be over-
well pleased to get a letter from me, for most
like your lordship thought me dead (and glad
enough to be rid of me), seeing I have not
troubled you for years past. Nor would I now,
but I am driven to do it. The old story, Mr.
John. We are hard pushed for money, and
must come on you for some more. Two hun-
dred pounds would be worth a fortune to us
just now; and if you send to Mr. Sark, under
cover to Palmer Brothers, Government Quay,
Perth, W. A., we shall be sure to get it all
sudden.

I tell you again, I am driven to do it, for
James's sake. As for me, I'd sooner chop my
hand off than touch a single coin out of your
pocket. But my husband is dear to me; and as
for seeing him a beggar, and worried and hun-
dred down by the police, while you are rolling in
riches, it's what I will not bear. The tin is no
thing to you—two paltry hundreds. You owe
us more than that. I ask you, Mr. John, civil,
to give James and me another two hundred
pounds, to set us up in business again, in some
other colony, for this is grown too hot to hold
us. If you are wise, you won't need twice ask-
ing. If not, you'll maybe hear more than may
prove agreeable to you of your humble servant
to command.

Address—Mrs. Sark, care of Palmer Brothers,
Merchants, Government Quay, Perth, West-
ern Australia.

The debate in the House of Lords had been
long and animated. The master of the peers
was of more than average strength; and there
was actually some little excitement and eagerness
among the hereditary legislators. It was
evident that something above the usual dead-
level of common-place talk was expected. It
had been known that Lord Ulswater was to ad-
dress the House; and club quidnuncs—who af-
fect to know everything—had predicted that
Ulswater's would be the speech of the evening.
It was mainly to hear Lord Ulswater that the
aristocracy of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal
would so strong. The bishops were there, of
course—quite an imposing array of lawn sleeves;
and the lords were there; and the Lord
High Chancellor of England loomed majestic on

the woolsack; and there were the leaders of
government and opposition, with a certain num-
ber of working partisans of both sides. But it
was not on their account that so many young
peers, and middle-aged peers, who cared no
more for everyday legislation than if they had
been so many Gallois of the political world, had
been tempted into the House. Bishops and
law-lords and Chancellor, and working partisans,
they could see and hear any day; but this speech
of Ulswater's was expected to be a telling one,
and the cream of the debate.

It was a church question, and it is only on
church questions that the Upper House cares to
make some fight with the opinion of the press
and of the public. The government wished to
carry some point relating to ecclesiastical mat-
ters, and the Commons and the bulk of the
newspapers backed the government. Two irri-
table bishops and a mild archbishop spoke on
this question, for and against the bill, and one
of the bishops spoke well. A marquis mumbled
out a few words inaudible in the gallery; and
two dukes asked questions, and seemed content
with the answers they got; and there was a pas-
sage of arms between the Lord President of the
Council and a testy Irish earl. Then the real
battle began. There were statements and ex-
planations on the part of government, sudden
thunder from the great leader of Opposition, and
much weaker thunder from the ministry; next a
sharp stinging rejoinder, directed by the Chan-
cellor against the bishops who had spoken ir-
ritably, and then it was that Lord Ulswater rose.

He rose, and all listened. It was known that
he was able and eloquent, and he was in some
sort looked upon as the future champion of his
party. The great leader, Lord Tintagel, was
growing old, and his thunder was hardly the
earth-shaking roar that it had once been.
Orators are scarce among the hereditaries.
There was a very good chance that if John
Lord Ulswater, would but stick to politics, he
might rise one day to be the chief of his party;
and that was why men had collected to hear him
speak, why the reporters were so busy with
their pens, and why the galleries were crowded.
There is always an interest in observing how a
young race-horse of high promise takes his in-
itiation gallops across the turf of the downs. The
Pall Mall prophets wanted to see whether this
clever young peer could be discreet as well as
bitter; whether he could parry and thrust, and
hold his own with tough veterans. If so, he
might look for prospective Garters and First
Lordships of the Admiralty, perhaps for the
Premiership itself. Hence their interest. As
for the matter in debate, that was not much;
and Clever himself could not have had any real
influence on the division. The very dullness
knew that. It was by the votes of absent peers
that the struggle would virtually be decided.
The Lord President was known to have many
proxies in his pocket; Lord Tintagel, many
more. When the proper moment came, they
would pull these out, and conclude the battle by
a process of arithmetic. But still it was to
listen to the anticipated speech that the House
had filed so well.

A very good speech it was, very good indeed,
to be spoken by so young a man, not long a
legislator, and without the previous training of
the stormy Lower House. Brilliant, but not
boastful—tinged with scholarship, and yet not
pedantic, it had the further merit of being
sarcasm, and not spiteful. It was a good speech,
not only for what it said, but for what it did not
say, pungent, sparkling, sensible, modest—a
speech that boded grander efforts and greater
successes in the future. Perhaps the orator's
personal gifts may have contributed to his suc-
cess, for Lord Ulswater was of a goodly pre-
sence, tall and fair, and frank of eye and brow.
He sat down amidst applause—such a murmur
and buzz of approbation as could be expected
from that cold assembly. Then men came to
shake him by the hand, and give him their con-
gratulations, more or less hearty, upon the suc-
cess he had achieved.

The great chief did not stir from his seat,
though he smiled and nodded blandly from a
distance. The general in command of Her Ma-
jesty's Opposition could not reasonably be asked
to pay greater honors than those to the most
deserving subaltern. But Lord Tintagel's nose
meant much, and already something of the
arrogance of prospective office was beginning,
in the eyes of many, to encompass Lord Ulswater's
handsome head.

With a dash of triumph on his brow, and a
pleasant light in his dark-blue eyes, the hero of
the moment was laughingly acknowledging the
encouragement of his friends, when a letter was
brought to him by one of the attendants of the
House. Lord Ulswater was in the act of shaking
hands with the more hot-tempered and energetic
of the two prelates—the Lord Bishop of
Siochester—on whose behalf he had broken a
 lance with the terrible Chancellor, when his
eyes fell on this letter. A queer, squarely-
folded document it was, sealed with red wax,
scored and stamped with red ink, and marked
with the words "Ship-letter." An uncouth, yet
a self-asserting missive, written on thick blue
paper, and very carefully directed to the Right
Hon. the Lord Ulswater, Park Lane, London, with
the words "Private" and "Most immediate"
conspicuously penned upon the cover, and
strongly underlined. It was on account of these
written injunctions that his lordship's secretary
had started without delay for Westminster, and
had sent in the letter to his employer without
loss of time. The letter came from Western
Australia, and the handwriting, though singu-
larly bold, was a woman's.

He to whom the letter was addressed knew
the writing well enough. He took the thick
square-folded packet which the official had
brought to him, and thrust it into his pocket
with a quiet smile, continuing his conversation
with those about him, as if the intrusive epistle
had been of no consequence to him. But, some-
how, the bloom of his triumph had been rudely
brushed away, and the cup at his very lip had
turned bitter. He cared no more for the praise
of gray-headed old peers, or of fresh-comple-
xioned young ones. Lord Tintagel's Olympian
nods of approval had lost their zest. A chill
fell upon the group that had gathered around
the hopeful neophyte of their party. Lord Uls-
water kept his countenance very well, but his
sacred became dull and mechanical. What
cared he, with that unread letter in his pocket,
whether the Bishop of Siochester and his brother
of Bullocksmithy did or did not predict
great things of his future? him if bluff barons
groined expressions of good-will into his ears, or
if boy marquises smiled at his elbow, while that
threatening thing, with its great red seal and
uncouth folds, lay lurking in his breast, like a
frozen snake waiting to be slowly thawed into
life.

Gradually the group around the successful
man broke up and dispersed; and then, not
hurriedly, but slowly, and with a careless ex-
ercise of the head, the successful man himself
sauntered away. One of the peers who are good
enough to perform in their exalted sphere the
duties of those gentlemen who are called
"whips" in the Commons, came hastily forward,
and took the despatch by the button.

"You're not going? We shall divide pre-
sently, you know," said the button-holder.
"I shall be in the library. I will be back in
time to vote," said Lord Ulswater smiling; and
he was released.

There would be no division for some half-hour
or more, since the government had put up one
of their proliptic supporters to speak, and that
noble lord was doing his best to efface, by two
columns of drear statistics, and sleepy common-
place, the effect of the late discourse.

In the library, save for an attendant or two,
and a deaf old lord in a brown wig, reading up
poor-law facts in Hansard, the hope and pride
of his side of the House found himself alone.
He drew the letter from his pocket, and as he
did so, for the first time the shadow of a great
sorrow fell athwart his broad frank brow, and he
looked haggard and ill. He was a bold man;
no one had ever doubted that. His courage had
been recognized, along with his other popular
qualities, at Eton, at Christ-church, and in what-
ever position he had been placed, from boyhood
upwards. But he held the square, ugly ship-
letter in his hand for some little time, a minute
or two minutes, before he broke the seal. Its
contents, to him, were no great mystery; he had
divined them at a glance, when he had seen and
known the handwriting; but still he hoped
against hope.

He held the letter, unopened, for a little space,
hesitating. Why not? It is said that the
bravest feel a thrill of something that is akin to
fear when first they hearken to the roar, long
expected, of the dread artillery. This letter, to
Lord Ulswater's fancy, was as the opening gun
of a battle that admitted of no truce, no flinch-
ing from the heat of the strife, no mercy to the
vanquished—a grim, hard fight for life or death.
A great gulf of ruin yawned suddenly before
him, and he knew that he would need the help
of all his energies, and of all his gifts of mind
and body, to avoid the pitfall in his path—a pit,
it may be, of his own digging, but so much the
more dangerous in the present, perhaps the more
fatal in the time to come.

Setting his teeth firmly, he tore the letter
open, and read it once, twice, and then a third
time. He was calm now, or at least composed,
and although he knew himself to be virtually
free from observation, he kept his features under
firm control. There was no frown on his fair
forehead, no flash in his dark-blue eyes. But
he could not prevent his lips from gradually
growing white, or the eyes themselves from
darkening in hue till they seemed nearly black,
as, in excitement, they were apt to do, or the
color from fading out of his cheek. His lips
never once trembled, however, and his attitude
lost none of its easy grace as he re-read the
writing for the last time.

Then he refolded the letter, carefully replaced
it in his pocket, and taking up a book that lay
on a table near him, flattered over the leaves in
an indifferent manner, reading, or seeming to
read, scraps of its contents selected almost at
random. While thus employed, the usual good-
humored smile came back to the face that had
looked so deathly pale and stern but a few
minutes back; the eyes regained their bright,
untroubled look; and no observer would have
guessed that John, Baron Ulswater, had a
single care to weigh upon his breast, though
never so lightly. Presently he went back, in
time to give his vote; and when the result of
the division was made known, the House hardly
waited for the further formalities to adjourn. It
broke up, and its members went their way. It
was high tide just then in the London season,
and Lord Ulswater was pledged to show him-
self in more than one great lady's crowded
drawing-rooms. But those who had counted on
him as one of the minor lions of the time, reck-
oned without their trusty guest. Lord Uls-
water went to his own dwelling in Park Lane,
and was seen no more that night.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES MR. MOSE.

MR. MOSE, attorney-at-law, solicitor, and gen-
tleman, as per act of Parliament, had his place
of business in the Old Jewry. The situation
suited him, inasmuch as it was conveniently near
to the central criminal court, where the bulk of
his business lay, and to Her Majesty's prison of
Newgate, where many of his clients were lodged.
Mr. Mose may, or may not, have had any senti-
mental predilections for the precise locality in
which he had pitched his professional tent; the
Old Jewry has a suggestive sound, and there
were those who averred that Mr. Mose was him-
self a Jew. If so, he was a Hebrew of a very
modern pattern, being a smart little personage,
dapper, and yet plump, as to his person; florid
and tolerably well-favored as to his face. His
hair was dark, certainly, but it was worn short,
well-brushed, and exquisitely parted. His eyes
were black as sloes, but many Anglo-Saxons
have eyes of that color. He was rosy, clean,
and wholesome of visage. Few of those who
had dealings with him cared, however, whether
he attended church or synagogue. He signed
himself N. Mose, which initial prefix may have
stood for Nathan, or Naboth, or Naphtali; no
doubt, but would have answered equally well for
Nicholas.

And St. Nicholas, patron, according to old
legend, of thieves, would have been an extreme-
ly appropriate saint for Mr. Mose to be named
after. The trim attorney had a well-merited
reputation for being servicable to clients in
trouble. From Clerkenwell to the Old Bailey,
from Lambeth police-court to that of Thames
street, Mr. Mose was as well known to tipstaffs
and police as his Worship or My Lord Judge.
The Middlesex magistrates were on terms of
nodding acquaintance with this rogue's
champion; and lord-mayors, bearing the sword
of justice at Guildhall, soon learned to know
the features of Mr. Mose as well as if he had
been their own brother.

It was towards noon on the day following the
debate on church matters in which Lord Uls-
water had so greatly distinguished himself, that
one of the clerks from the outer office brought
in a card to Mr. Mose. The lawyer, who was
making extracts from a book full of memoranda,
and every now and then laying down the pen
to resume what appeared to be the more inter-
esting occupation of paring his pink finger-nails
with a sharp little knife, could not repress a
slight start of surprise as he took the card. It
was Lord Ulswater's name that was engraved
thereon, and it was not often, most likely, that

the peerage of England paid visits in the Old
Jewry.

"Yes, I'm disengaged," said the gentleman
in a snap, and the clerk did as he was bid.
Lord Ulswater, tall, fair-haired, and radiant with
good looks and good humor, seemed quite like
a gleam of sunshine as he entered the dingy den
where the attorney awaited him. The first words
that passed between the two men proved that
they were not strangers to each other.

"I am fortunate in finding you here, Mr. Mose.
Remembering your many engagements, I hardly
expected it," said the visitor.

"Always happy to be of service to your lord-
ship. Pray, sit down, my lord—Chair, Aminda-
dab—Once a client, always a client, has been
my rule through life," replied the host; and the
clerk went out, and left his employer and the
new-comer together.

"And what can I have the pleasure of doing
for you now, my lord?" said the attorney after
a pause, seeing that the other hesitated.

But Lord Ulswater did not immediately reply,
but sat looking keenly at the lawyer, who also
eyed his client with sharp but not hostile scrutiny.
An incongruous pair of acquaintances! It was
not only in rank and in address that there
was a difference between them; the contrast
was more than skin deep. Had the two changed
places, it would have been the same. Lord Uls-
water was one of those few whom it seems as if
fortune had no power to degrade. Had he been
an artisan in a factory, a private soldier in the
ranks, a laborer in the fields, he had that in his
bearing and look which would have singled him
out from the rest. There was much talk, once,
about nature's noblemen, and so far as the eye
might judge, Lord Ulswater was clearly noble
by nature's letters patent, as well as by the ac-
cident of birth. Unassuming, gracious without
effort, kind and low, there seemed to be
something ethereal about the man—something
that made the eyes of men, and still more of
women, follow him as he passed them by. It
did not require a great stretch of imagination to
fancy that Lord Ulswater, in time of need, might
play a hero's part in the world.

Mr. Mose, though not ill-looking, had none of
this brilliance. His face, when closely scanned,
was seen to be shrewd, merry, courageous, and
somewhat impudent. He affected a sporting
style in attire. His coat was always out in what
is known as a horse mode; he wore a white
neck scarf more commonly than a black one; his blue
neck scarf was secured by a gold horse-shoe
pin; and of the bunch of charms that dangled
from his heavy guard chain, nearly all had some
occult reference to the turf or the chase. But
for his smart habiliments, Mr. Mose would have
borne no trifling resemblance to a saucy London
sparrow, knowing everything, and respect-
ing nothing.

On the present occasion, he was, however,
civil-spoken, and disposed to deference; but he
had probably reasons of his own for what he
did. He was no blind idolater of the aristocracy.
One man's money, so Mr. Mose thought, was as
good as another man's, and he well knew the
class that supplied his probable paymasters. But
he was glad to see Lord Ulswater within his
doors, and he had no desire to disgust his dis-
tinguished client by any flippancy of manner.

"You may probably remember, Mr. Mose,"
said the visitor, with a very slight hesitation,
which the sharp attorney did not fail to note—
"you may probably remember undertaking, at my
request, the defence of a person who was
tried at the Old Bailey Sessions of 18—; a man
named Sark—James Sark?"

"Quite well, my lord. Recollect it as if the
trial had been yesterday. Your lordship—Mr.
Carnac then—very liberally paid all costs and
expenses, having an interest in the prisoner—
shem!" answered the lawyer, eyeing Lord Uls-
water in a stealthy way, but stepping abruptly
in his speech as he saw the gradual hardening
of the noble face on which his gaze was riveted.
Lord Ulswater's anger, rarely evoked, manifest-
ed itself in an unusual fashion; there was no
frown and no flash, but the blue-eyes contracted,
darkening well-nigh to blackness; and the fair
face became cold, and colorless, and stern, like
the marble mask of a statue. Those who had
seen that change come over the lineaments of
John Carnac, in boyhood, or in manhood, had
seldom felt comfortable in confronting those
signs of the calm deep wrath that seemed to
show itself by the tokens of vulgar rage. The
attorney had seen that look upon his guest's
countenance before, and he was not slow to take
the warning it conveyed.

"No offence, my lord," he said, in a depre-
catory tone; "I did my best to carry out your
wishes. They obtained a conviction, as it turned
out, and my client, as an old hand, got four
years of it." Mr. Mose was quite serious now.
There was that in Lord Ulswater's manner which
chilled undue familiarity.

The visitor paused for a moment, and then,
in a measured tone of conscious strength, re-
joined:

"I did take an interest in the man Sark, but
not for the man's own sake. He was wholly a
stranger to me. It was on his wife's account
that I took the trouble to provide him with legal
assistance. She was much attached to him, and
her distress touched me. It was an unfor-
tunate circumstance, no doubt, that a young
woman, so respectably educated as she was, should
have married such a desperado. He was, you
remember, found guilty?"

"Found guilty, just so. I cannot bring off
all my clients, you know, my lord," said Mr.
Mose smilingly.

"No; but you do not roll all your clients. I
presume, as you told Sark?" returned Lord Uls-
water, looking the attorney full in the face.
The effect of this question upon the Old Jewry
solicitor was ghastly in its abruptness; the rosy
little man became haggard and sorrow in a
moment, and he peered fearfully around the room,
as if he thought some lurking eaves-dropper
might be hiding behind the chimney window-cur-
tains. Then he rose, stole on tiptoe to the door,
slidly grasped the handle, and flung the door
open with a jerk. No key-hole listener was
there. He reclosed the door, and wiped his
forehead, damp with the dew of fear.

"By Heaven, my lord!" he whispered, husk-
ily, "I think you want me to be murdered. How
did I know but one of those lumps, Aminda-
dab and the rest, might be listening? And once let
the word spread in certain quarters that shall
be nameless, that I ever did—what you said I
did—and—" Mr. Mose did not finish the sen-
tence in words, but he drew his open hand
twice across his neck, immediately beneath the
chin, thus imitating, in ingenious pantomime,
the cutting of a throat.

Lord Ulswater eyed him with much com-
posure, as a naturalist might watch the wrig-
gling of some ugly little reptile.

"So I should suppose," was his cold reply.
"Your customers are not free from vulgar pre-
judices, and they would be apt to resent the
absence of honor among thieves—and thieves'
lawyers. Perhaps you will do me the favor to
sit down again. And now, Mr. Mose, you will
oblige me by listening to what I have to say,
without interruptions which waste time. The
facts of the case are briefly these. The woman,
Sark's wife, being too poor to secure attorney
and counsel for the defence of her husband, ap-
plied to me for assistance; I engaged your
valuable services. It appeared to me, on hear-
ing how strong was the evidence against the
prisoner, and how bad and desperate was his
character, that it would be a pity if, through
some flaw or quibble of law such a man as he
were to be set free to pursue his career of war-
fare with society. Transportation, I thought,
was his best chance, and a new life in Australia
afforded him the only hope of mending his ways.
You agreed with me in those views."

Here Mr. Mose winced painfully, but Lord
Ulswater's falcon glance was upon him, and he
did not venture on an outspoken protest.

"And, in short, matters were so managed
that Sark received a sentence of transportation,
and was presently shipped off to a penal settle-
ment, where his wife, through my help, re-
joined him. The convict behaved well, earned
his conditional liberty, and he and his wife, with
each slender pecuniary assistance as I, being
then a younger son, could give, set up in some
small way of business, and, for a time, did rea-
sonably well. I fear that they have had mis-
fortunes, or that the man has relapsed into his
old evil ways, which I should regret, I am sure.
I wish them both well. I should be heartily glad
to hear that they were happy and prosperous—
in Australia." Lord Ulswater laid very great
emphasis on these last two words, and the pos-
sible expression that had clouded the lawyer's
face cleared off as by magic. He arched his
eyebrows, and screwed up his mouth, as if in
the act of indulging in a prolonged though sil-
ent whistle.

"Whew! that's it, is it? I see. In Australia.
Exactly so. Much better there than here. A
pity, a sad pity, that Mr. and Mrs. Sark should
break bounds, and come back to England, with
all its temptations—a very great pity indeed,"
said Mr. Mose, with twinkling eyes.

"It would, as you say, be a pity. But it is
not unlikely, I fear, to come about, since Sark
is again in trouble, and evidently restless," said
Lord Ulswater.

"May I ask if your lordship is sure of this?"
inquired Mr. Mose, with so well-forgotten an air
of doubt, that it threw his companion for an in-
stant off his guard.

"Sure of it? I say myself wrote me word,"
he began, and then stopped short, regretting
the incautious utterance that was already be-
yond recall. He looked hard at the lawyer, sus-
pecting, and not without reason, that he had
been trapped into a hasty admission; but the
face of Mr. Mose wore its most innocent expres-
sion.

"Those old laws," said the attorney thought-
fully—"I say old, because Sark had been trans-
ported before—get a home-longing upon them
sometimes, in the colonial townships, in the
bush, or where not, that's like nothing so much
as the fierce desire for water of a man perishing
from thirst. It draws them back to the old
country, although they know how much better
their chance is on the other side of the herring-
pond. But they will do it, and I don't see how
we are to prevent it. It's not a hanging matter
now, to be a runaway transport."

This time, the lawyer spoke in all sincerity,
and, by some subtle instinct of perception,
which we all possess in a greater or less degree,
Lord Ulswater felt that it was so. If a man
voice was earnest and almost eager as he made
answer: "I do understand each other, Mr.
Mose. I have come here to ask you to give me
your help, so far, and no further than you safely
can. To you, this man's return, should any un-
fortunate accident reveal to him the part you
played at his trial, is a serious risk; while to me
I admit that it would be an annoyance. I wish
to prevent him from carrying out any rash pro-
ject that he may have formed; but, first, I must
have clear and reliable information. Am I mis-
taken in believing that you have ways and
means of procuring very recent and very accu-
rate tidings of what goes on in Western Aus-
tralia? You understand me?"

"I—I think I do," said Mr. Mose reluctantly.
"I could find out something, if I had a couple
of days to make inquiries, and I could then com-
municate."

But here Lord Ulswater laid his hand lightly
on the lawyer's sleeve. "Plain speaking is best,
Mr. Mose," said he; "news of second hand is
not always worth the buying. I prefer going in
person to the fountain-head for information.
Introduce me to the oracle; let me hear with
my own ears such intelligence as it is to be had,
and do not doubt that the service will be a well-
paid one."

Mr. Mose made very free at this proposal,
and dropped more than one obscure hint as to
the probable peril, if Lord Ulswater should ven-
ture on personally exploring the remote eastern
regions which the attorney indicated by a jerk
of his thumb. But these warnings being re-
ceived with a smile of quiet contempt, and the
stubborn purpose of his high-born client re-
maining unshaken, Mr. Mose, exasperated, and
agreed to an appointment, at dusk, on the third
day following. There were preparations to be
made, he remarked, and preliminary inquiries,
entailing trouble and expense. Lord Ulswater
had probably anticipated this broad hint, for he
drew a rustling piece of crisp bank paper from
his pocket-book, and placed it in the solicitor's
ready hand; then he rose.

"I shall be punctual," said Lord Ulswater, as
he turned to leave the room.

"And so shall I," said Mr. Mose, bustling for-
ward to bow the visitor out—"unless your
lordship thinks better of it, and drops me a
line to say so. We shall have to go to queer
places, and among queer lots. I can assure you,
Good-morning, my lord—This arrangement
holds, then?" whispered Mr. Mose on the door-
step. Lord Ulswater merely smiled, but the
smile was more expressive than words—of
quiet, self-assured smile of a man who was not
to be moved from his purpose by idle fears of
slight permitting. The attorney stood watching
the tall form of his client until it became lost in
the stream of passengers, and then, shaking his
head sadly, as a bird might have done, he went
slowly back into the straggle of his office.

CHAPTER III.

ST. FAGANS.

It was a wild night. The sea moaned as if
in pain, heaving with a dull sob against the
cliff-foot. The wind howled shrilly, and the

white-winged sea mews, harbingers of the threatening storm, screamed out their harsh complaining cry as they flew inland. The sun had not long gone down, but the summer sky was black with driving clouds, and the mist fluted, dim and vaporous, over the bare black downs.

St. Pagans Abbey, built of gray stone, and standing lonely on the verge of the cliff, was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding objects of that rugged coastline. Huge, dark, and melancholy, the old house stood like a sentinel mounting guard upon the frontier line between land and sea. Its long facade would have been in complete darkness, but that the mingled light of fire and candle streamed from two of the windows on the ground floor, looking seaward. And there was something sad in the very glow and redness of that unseasonable fire light, which told, as fires burning in the sweet summer time are apt to tell, of illness and of suffering.

All the rest of the great pile, what with mist and what with the murky twilight, was in deep shadow. Through the gathering blackness, the keenest eye might have strained in vain to see such beauties as the place possessed—the broken shafts and shattered oriel of the Lady Chapel, the elaborate carving of the stone gables and mullions, or even the noble porch, over which still stood the weather-stained effigy of St. Pagans himself, with episcopal staff and mitre, while beneath the saint's sandalled feet the Carmine coat of arms was deeply cut in the hard Caen stone. For the abbey and its broad lands had been a gift from King Henry VIII to Sir Ralph Carnarvon, and still belonged to the descendants of that fortunate knight. Countess Carnarvon, the late wife of the late Lord Carnarvon, was the principal seat of Lord Ulswater.

A grand old house it was, but not a cheerful one. Something of the gloom and unwholesome stagnation of its former occupants clung to the place yet, and threw a shadow over the lives that were spent there. There were long passages, paved with stone or flanked with oak; narrow stairs that wound tortuously up to square towers overlooking the dull gray sea or the dull green downs; there were vast and lofty rooms, contrasting with cells into which modern philanthropy would not permit a felon to be thrust; and the very panels were of dark wood, that seemed to swallow up the sunlight on the brightest day in June. It was a house in which there lurked scores of unsuspected echoes, ready to burst forth and repeat, with ghostly hollowness, the clapping of a door, the shriek of the wind, or a heavy footfall on the flooring that covered crypts as extensive as the chambers above ground.

No wonder that the abbey had the ill name that adheres to many an ancient mansion, and was believed by the ignorant to be haunted and accursed. The old ecclesiastical owners, it was whispered in cottage and farmstead for leagues around, would not quite forsake the place whence the king had driven them forth. Strange noises were heard at night—so the legend ran. The pale gleam of tapers lighted by no earthly hands was sometimes seen to glimmer amid the ruins of the chapel, and the faint sound of music and of chanting was heard to float upon the midnight air. There was talk, too, of a spectral monk that was seen, now and again, to glide with noiseless tread through the long passages that led from the refectory and the guest chamber to what had been the abbey's house. Some who yet living who were obstinate in their assertion that they were haunted by a creeping terror that came suddenly upon them when traversing the corridors alone, had looked round, and had seen that tall form, robed in its black Benedictine garb, with cowl drawn down, and girle of cord, pass them by, stately and silent, or pass them by so near that the coarse robe of serge well-nigh touched them; yet there was no sound, nothing but a chill, as if an ice-cold blast of wind had swept past. High wages were not always temptation enough to keep servants beneath the roof-tree of St. Pagans Abbey; and indeed the present possessor, though for other than superstitious motives, kept aloof from the place.

The room whence the light threw its flickering gleam into the increasing darkness without, was the smallest of the spacious suite of saloons that fronted the sea—the smallest, but the one that had preserved the most thoroughly such features of its old design as might serve to conjure up pictures of the long-buried Past. It was called the Tapestry Room. The walls were hung with arras, admirably preserved, and of which the colors had faded but little since patient eyes and deft fingers had finished their toil upon that gigantic task of needlework. These hangings represented some scriptural subject, and though the Jewish champions wore the armor of the fifteenth century, and the ladies were in the court-dresses of Queen Margaret's day, the groups were boldly sketched, and the details wrought out with painful care. The ceiling was of black oak, polished as a mirror, and so was the floor, as far as the soft carpet permitted a margin of the shining wood to be visible. The furniture was imitated from the antique, with such concessions to modern ideas of comfort as were necessary to nineteenth-century inmates. There was a sort of alcove at one end of the chamber, which had once served the abbey as a private oratory, though the rich crucifix had long since been torn down by rude hands.

The two occupants of the room afforded a marked contrast to each other. The elder was a tall, gray-haired woman, gaunt and hard-featured, with high cheekbones, and forehead deeply furrowed. She looked so stern and so strong in her cold pride, that it was not until the firm mouth softened into a smile that her true nature revealed itself. And yet Lady Harriet Ashe, aunt to the late lord, as well as to the present holder of the family honors, was a thoroughly good woman, gentle in deeds than in looks. Herself an old maid, with no tie but those of consanguinity, she had devoted her life to the sickly boy, her dead sister's son, who had last won the Ulster coronet; had nursed him and cured for him, and studied his whims, and been his best friend. Reginald Carnarvon, brother of the present lord, had owed it to his aunt's care that he ever grew up to be a man, to take his place among his peers, to marry, and to hail the birth of a son who might inherit after him. Then the black cloud of misfortune had closed around his mansion more darkly yet. Wifeless and childless, the late lord had been glad to die; and the kind old hand that had smoothed his pillow so often in his infancy, had had the task of closing his eyes for their last sleep.

But Lady Harriet did not leave St. Pagans. The new owner, John, Lord Ulswater, was unmarried, and he rarely visited the great country-house where his ancestors had dispensed hospitality, so that Lady Harriet was *au fait* mistress of the abbey. The other occupant of the room was a girl, whose face, in spite of its

was like pallor, was loveliness itself, but a loveliness which saddened the gaze. The blue eyes were too large and too wistful, the thin cheek too transparent in its delicacy, and there was too much that was eager, too much that was thoughtful, in the expression of the whole countenance, for its looks to have been consistent with healthy, joyous youth. Even in her attitude, the guest offered a forcible contrast to her hostess: whereas Lady Harriet, with old-fashioned rigidity, sat stiffly upright in her chair, as if her sixty-five years weighed lightly upon her, the visitor reclined upon a couch, and was propped up with soft cushions. A second glance told the cause of this. Ruth Morgan, with the face of an angel, was a hopeless invalid from her childhood up; a poor crippled thing, whose curved spine made her a sufferer for life. There was something anomalous in this girl's whole condition. She had rare beauty and considerable talents, but her infirmity shut her out from all the ordinary hopes of womanhood. The daughter and the sister of two of the richest commoners in England, she was yet poor, and almost dependent on her brother; and although she was on terms of friendship and habitual intercourse with women of Lady Harriet's rank, she had no pretensions to high social standing. Her father, the architect, as the phrase runs, of his own fortune, had begun life with no other capital than his own strong arm and shrewd brain; he had died a millionaire, and had left his son a very wealthy man.

There was some sunshine in Ruth's dreary life, after all. Every one somehow grew to be fond of her. The hardest natures relented towards this poor pretty thing, to whom the crowning glory of womanhood was for ever denied. There was something in the sweet pale face, something in those great sad eyes, that softened the hearts of even the worldliest, for it was plain that Ruth's earthly pilgrimage would not be a long one. She was, as it were, marked for an early grave, and all the care of those who loved her could but delay the stroke for a little while. Those London physicians whose fame was highest, and whose fees were heaviest, had of late agreed in ordering the patient to the seaside, and Lady Harriet had invited her to spend the early summer at St. Pagans. It was better, she said, than a Brighton lodging or a villa at Ventnor, and she—Lady Harriet Ashe—would be the happier for having some one to nurse. There those two, guest and the dying girl, sat together in the Tapestry Room, with the curtains drawn back, and the warm red firelight flickering forth into the murky darkness without.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

"It was a night like this," said Lady Harriet, looking steadily at the fire that burned upon the hearth, as if she saw a vision of the past pictured in the ruddy embers lying, like glowing carbuncles, around the crackling logs. Any other than a wood-fire would have been an anachronism in that room, where the tapestry shook upon the walls as the wind forced its devious way through the ghostly galleries and passages of the old house. A log fire it was, and the heavy andirons of parcel gilt brass had once, as likely as not, been the abbey's own. "A night like this—I remember it so well!" she continued, in a low tone, like that of one who thinks aloud.

"Then it was not sudden? It did not happen unexpectedly, as I had always heard it did?" asked Ruth, with an interest which her hostess had intuitively felt to be no feigned one. Lady Harriet turned towards the sofa. "Sudden, yes; unexpected, no," she made answer, in a voice that sank almost to a whisper, and then added: "The Monk had been seen by night once, twice, three times. Three times in three days. And then the lights in the chapel, and the music of the choir—I know I was near. Ah, child, I should not say this to you; you will laugh at me, as a foolish, superstitious old woman."

"No, indeed no, dear Lady Harriet," replied the invalid, earnestly: "I shall not laugh, believe me, at anything which you believe to concern the welfare of you and yours. I know you put faith in this tradition, but a haunted house has no terrors for me."

"Nor for me, or I should scarcely stay at St. Pagans," said Lady Harriet, with one of her grim smiles; "yet there are times when I hardly know what to think; and after all, the legends rest on no stronger evidence than the tale of ignorant serving men and maids. I never saw anything, nor did any member of the family. No; I am wrong—Reginald did."

"Your nephew—the late lord?" asked Ruth, with a slight shudder, in spite of her professed incredulity.

"Yes," answered Lady Harriet, as she sat, upright and rigid as a rock, with the firelight shining on her gray hair and furrowed brow.

"Yes, it was the night before the child died. John was away in London; Reginald lay here, on that very couch where you are lying now, dear, for this was his favorite room, and the fire burned brightly on the hearth, just as it does now, though the day had been a warm one. I left Reginald asleep, as I thought, and went up to the nursery, where the sick child lay. Then I came down, and found Reginald awake, and his face quite gray and haggard. He had seen, he said, a figure in the long black robes of a friar, standing in the doorway, and shaking its uplifted hand, with a gesture of menace at him as he lay. He could not see the face, nor even the eyes, for the shadow of the cowl. Then, as he rose, it was gone, silently and swiftly, but he knew that he had seen the Monk, the impalpable enemy that haunts our dwelling, and heralds the grief to come. Next day, the child died."

"It was strange," said Ruth, thoughtfully, glancing towards the doorway, across which there hung a heavy damask curtain, the mazy folds of which presented some fanciful similarity to the monkish garb.

"It was," replied Lady Harriet, pushing back her chair from the circle of the firelight's gleam—"it was strange. Poor Reginald—he was ill, and in a morbid, anxious state of mind just then—I did my best to persuade him that what he had seen was but the creation of a disordered imagination. His hopes were all so wrapped up in that poor motherless child upstairs—the heir of the Ulswater title and estates, and though there seemed no reason for apprehending that the boy would die, yet Reginald feared the worst; and the worst came. Do I weary you?"

"No, no. Pray, tell me everything, if I do so does not give pain to yourself," said Ruth, in her gentle voice.

Then encouraged, Lady Harriet resumed:

"You know how I loved Reginald. I pro-

mixed my dear sister on her deathbed that I would care for and cherish him, the sickly, eldest son, as if he were my own; and I faithfully kept my word. He was very dear to me, for his own sake and for Caroline's sake; and when he married, I confess that I felt jealous and angry that there should be another woman to come between my boy and myself, good and sweet as Elith was. I knew Reginald's merits as no one else knew them. He was shy and haughty, and not popular, like his brother, for everybody praised John, who seemed like sunshine in a house, while Reginald was slow to make friends. And then—two months after the birth of an heir—Lady Ulswater died, and her death broke my nephew's heart. I never saw him smile again, poor lad, until the hour of his own ending drew near. He smiled then, on that evening on which he died, and said that he should see her—Elith—very soon. And so they all went from me—Elith, and Guy, and Reginald, and left me, my dear, a lonely, desolate old woman, useful no longer in the world."

She broke down now, with a great sob in her voice, and turned her face towards the fire, as if to hide her streaming eyes. She was a proud woman, and not prone to show her sorrow by tears, but now the emotions that had been called into activity by her narrative were too much for her high-bred stoicism. The sofa was so near, that its occupant was able to stretch out her own thin, little hand, terribly transparent and white to look upon, with the pale, blue veins marking its delicate surface, and to lay it caressingly on the wrinkled, ring-covered hand of Lady Harriet.

"It is all my fault," said Ruth; "I should not have asked—." Then she paused, hesitating, for the grief of the aged seldom fails to affect the young with a kind of awe.

But Lady Harriet's strong nerves soon triumphed over the anguish of the moment. She wiped away the tears with a sort of angry impatience, and her gaunt features were quite composed, and her deep voice more harsh than usual, as she turned towards her young friend and said:

"You shall not see me so weak again. It is not often, dear, that I have so good a listener as you. Few come to see me here, and I do not care to tell my stupid old stories to chattering women of the world or silly school-girls. But I left my tale, such as it is, half told. It was a sad house we had of it, here at St. Pagans. Upstairs, little Guy Carnarvon, the infant heir, lay ill; and here, in the Tapestry Room, his widowed father, my poor boy Reginald, passed his weary days stretched upon this sofa, sick in mind and body. The fits to which he had been subject from childhood, but which he had been wholly free from in later life, had been brought on once more by his passionate sorrow and despair when his young wife died. There he lay, wasted and worn to a shadow of his former self, and it seemed as if his frail thread of existence must snap at the first shock. What bound him to life was his great love for his boy, Elith's only child."

"Here the speaker's stern voice quivered somewhat, then went firmly on: "Reginald's nature was not demonstrative; he was shy and reserved—almost awkward. I doubt if Elith herself ever quite understood how he loved her. When she was taken away, he had nothing left, but this child on which to found a hope; and it was wonderful to see how he loved the little fellow, on whom it was now too clear that the title and property must soon devolve; for the doctors did not disguise the fact that Lord Ulswater was not long likely to be spared to us. And Guy was such a pretty child, a noble, frank-eyed boy, that any father might have been proud of. He was ill, as I have said, but it was a trifling illness, to all appearance, a slight attack, that caused no alarm to me, and which the physician from Shelton-on-Sea smiled at as he talked of a speedy and certain recovery. It was but such an illness as care and a good constitution enable thousands of children to surmount. Reginald alone was nervous and dependent about his infant son. You are very fond of your brother, Ruth?"

A slight flush of color came into the sick girl's death pale face, and her voice trembled a little as she replied:

"Yes, very, very fond. But why, dear Lady Harriet?"

"Because, child," answered the old lady, kindly patting the little weak hand that still rested on hers, "because you will thus understand how very complete and absolute was Reginald's affection for his only son—as all of Elith that was left to him. He glowed with respect for the child, and I could not persuade him, nor could his brother, that there was nothing to fear. How well I do remember, on just such a night as this, as I said before, with the wind shrieking outside the abbey as it shrieks now, and the same screaming of the seabirds that shrouded the gathering storm, and the same hollow roar of the great sea among the caverns of the cliff—on just such a night as this, John, now Lord Ulswater, came suddenly down from London. He was very kind and considerate to his brother always, and would read to Reginald for hours, in his clear, pleasant voice, or sit and watch him when he was at the worst of his illness, with a patience and a tenderness which I had thought no one but a woman could show. But John was a good brother—fond in all things, I think—though I loved dear Reginald the best, perhaps because he wanted my love more than John did, for the younger of the two was the idol of rich and poor. I found John, whom we had not expected, in the Tapestry Room with Reginald, when I came down from seeing the sick child. It was the day after Reginald had seen the Monk, and that apparition, real or fancied, had filled him with fears for the child. Yet there seemed no cause for fear. Dr. Dennis had but lately driven back to Shelton-on-Sea, assuring us that there was no reason for apprehension. His little patient, he said, was doing well. So I believed."

Lady Harriet looked for a moment at the window nearest her, past which the white wreaths of mist swept, hurrying on the wings of the wind like ghostly squadrons of charging hordes; and she listened for an instant to the increasing roar of the surges below, before she went on, in a grave, quiet voice:

"The child had been restless, but he had fallen asleep at last, and there he lay slumbering, with one little arm under his head. The wan, thin face had something pious in its look, as if he lay half hidden by the soft pillow, under the sick hangings of that great old-fashioned bed. The nursery at St. Pagans is a great gloomy room, not at all, to my thinking, what nursery should be; and the woodwork over the child's head was carved and gilded to represent a cornet, with the Carnarvon motto in gold letters beneath. Poor pretty babe—he was never to succeed to the honors that his ancestors had won."

I remember feeling that there was something plaintive in the contrast between the little sufferer and all the cumbersome old-world splendor of the apartment which was called the King's Room, from a legend that Charles II. had once slept in it. The pillows were bordered with lace, and the counterpane was a wonderful piece of old needle-work, in scarlet and white; and there were fine old pictures in dull gold frames on the paneled walls. There were the medicine vials and glassess on a table, and some hot-house fruit, unseasoned, and the toys that the poor child's little hands were never more to play with. A feeble light was burning. Everything was exquisitely neat and orderly, even to the dress of the nurse herself, who sat, with an open book before her, beside the shaded lamp.

"Have I mentioned this nurse before? No. She was quite a young woman, little more than a girl, and I could hardly believe at first that Mrs. Fletcher, at her age, could be married. Married she was, however, and her husband was abroad—a sailor or an emigrant, I forget which. She was of very respectable parentage, and better taught than the majority of servants. John it was who recommended her, having known her father, I understood, and she proved a treasure of carefulness and steadiness during the short, short time in which her services were needed."

"Well, this Mrs. Fletcher, Emma Fletcher, from the north of England, was the nurse; and I recollect her face well as I saw it that night. A very remarkable face, my dear. I may as well own at once that I did not and could not like her, though I am sure my antipathy was but a foolish prejudice. She was very good-looking—dark and handsome, like a Spaniard or a Jewess, with hair as black as night, and a rich complexion, and great dark eyes, that looked as if they could flash with anger or scorn, though she was always quite respectful and well-behaved. The first time I ever saw Mrs. Fletcher, I was struck by an extraordinary resemblance between her face and some other face that I knew well, and it puzzled me, the likeness. Have you noticed, Ruth, the picture in the great dining room, nearest the fireplace, that of Jael slaying Sisera? Because Jael's floor, dark, young face, as she bends over the sleeper she is about to murder, is so very like the face of Guy's nurse, alike in its wild beauty and a sort of stealthy savagery, like that of a tigress stealing upon her prey. I have often thought since then of the curious resemblance."

"Mrs. Fletcher sat there, quiet and patient, and kept watch over the child. She had not been long at St. Pagans; but it was evident that she was growing attached to her little charge, a bright lovely boy, with a generous nature already beginning to look out of his sunny eyes. And the boy was fond of her. She was rather a silent young woman; and I heard from the other servants that she was very reserved with them, and very proud. She did not keep company with any member of the household here, but spent her whole time with the child; and the servants now and then found her weeping passionately, so they said, but she was not one to tell her sorrows. Most likely, she was anxious about her husband abroad. I left her upstairs, that night, and I recollect that the likeness to the picture struck me more forcibly than usual as I caught the last glimpse of her dark eyes, and the white teeth just visible between her red lips, as she answered my last words."

"That night the child died—died in his sleep. In the morning Nurse Fletcher awoke and found him dead and cold, poor pretty innocent! His ending was painless, but it was a dreadful blow to us all. On the day of the child's funeral, Reginald was seized by the paralytic attack from which he never recovered, though he lingered on long, for months and years, between life and death, a living wreck. He died, and was buried beside his wife and son; and that is how John came to be the present Lord Ulswater. Hush, my love—I cannot talk any more just now. I will go to my room for a while. It will be better so."

And the conversation ended.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A California story tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "help me." It was properly sealed and delivered. "What to do next?" asked the pledger. "To pay to pay?" exclaimed the party; "nothing, of course—this is a labor of love." "Very true," returned the grateful but very drunk friend. "You're a brick. Let's take a drink!"

THE MILK QUESTION.—A Reading paper states that a lady of that city recently found a large lizard in the milk she poured into her coffee. An investigation showed that the milkman got the water with which he improved his milk out of a spring instead of out of the hydrant, as usual. The paper adds, "the people are indignant," and "demand a return to the Lyfrant."

A New York politician lately said: "This city no longer enjoys party government. It is governed by a conspiracy. The conspirators have so arranged their plot, that whatever party wins, the chosen few of both parties are taken care of. This seems to be true of a great many other places besides New York, judging from the fact that a certain set of men seem always to get the office, no matter who is in power."

A little three-year old in South Boston was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly: "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the mice?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically: "Does God keep a cat?" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her new India rubber doll.

At a wedding out West, recently, when the minister, as usual, asked the bride and groom if they knew any reason why they should not be lawfully married, a voice in the back part of the church called out, "I do." The service was immediately stopped, the bride had hysterics, and the groom looked terribly distressed. The interruption, however, was soon found to proceed from a drunken man, and the ceremony was resumed.

At a fashionable wedding in Baltimore, a short time since, a lady appeared in a dress wholly of tin foil, gored and trimmed, with earrings and bracelets also of tin.

A man in Milwaukee, who was recently resuscitated after having been apparently drowned, has published his sensations. He found it delightful to drown, but terrible to revive.

A Hog in Hoops.

A few days since a lady residing in the eastern part of the state, having just returned from an evening's entertainment, leaving a noise on the back stoop—a long and very narrow one—she stepped out to ascertain the cause. At the farther end she discovered the intruder. In the shape of a good sized hog. She at once assumed a belligerent attitude and commenced screaming "wheel wheel!" The hog took the alarm and made for the door, and discovering the largest space to be between the lady's two feet pitched for that, and she instantly assumed a horizontal position and movement for the door. But to prevent a premature elopement she caught hold of a post and her hoops caught the hog. His swiftness found himself at once incarcerated in hoops. Then came the struggle—a woman's determination against a hog's will—a contest not unequal but as persistent as it was ludicrous. The noise brought the lady's good mother to the scene. But what could she do? although the squealing of the pig and the positive assertion of the lady that she "should be killed," were hard for a fond mother to hear without lending assistance. A compromise was unavoidable, and to effect this the hoops were unfastened and away went his pigskin, arrayed in his new attire, lacking only one thing to make him respectably dressed, viz: A waterfall.—*Veronica Fernander.*

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all conditions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climates of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist." Use no other kind for BRUISES, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, or CRAMS, or STRAINS, or STIFFNESSES. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, and STINGS of ZOOPHORES INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APPOXET, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOULOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. *mark-cowd*

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed; while the second instills more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food. Factory, 50 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d instant, at Prospect, Princeton, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, assisted by the Rev. Alfred B. Baker, J. DUNDAS LIPPINCOTT, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Miss Alice Fetter, daughter of the late Thos. F. Fetter, of Princeton, N. J.
On the 12th of April, 1897, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D., M. R. HENRY TERRY to Miss Katherine Yeo, both of this city.
On the 13th of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbin, to Miss DANIEL J. MAY to Miss ELIZABETH DAVIS, both of this city.
On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM V. MORGAN to Miss GEORGINA SOWRELL, both of this city.
On the 15th of April, by the Rev. M. D. Kott, Mr. JACOB W. ZEIL to Miss ROSEANNA McBRIDE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of April, SAMUEL YARBURY, in his 60th year.
On the 23d of April, THOMAS METCALF, in his 84th year.
On the 23d of April, CATHERINE, relict of the late Jos. Hall, aged 84 years.
On the 23d of April, ELIZABETH, wife of John Hart, in her 84th year.
On the 21st of April, ANN FLEMING, in her 78th year.
On the 21st of April, BENNETT E. FERNALD, in his 53th year.
On the 20th of April, Mr. ISAAC WRIGHT, in his 71st year.
On the 25th of April, JAMES NICHOLSON, aged 60 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market is more active. About 10,000 bushels sold at from \$1.00 to 25 for super; \$1.00 to 11.50 for extra; \$2.25 to 11.50 for low grade and fancy Northwest flour; \$1.15 to 15 for Penna and Ohio family, and \$1.00 to 7.50 for fair brands, according to quality. Rye Flour, small sacks making at \$8.50 to 9.00. Penna Corn Meal, sales at \$5.25 to 5.50.

GRAIN.—There is less doing. In Wheat, 2000 bush Penna red sold at \$1.00 to 40; small lots of Southern do at \$1.30 to 40; 30,000 bush California at \$1.40. Rye: sales 1000 bush Penna at \$1.70 to 40. Corn: sales 1000 bush of prime yellow at \$1.40 to 40. Oats: 25,000 bush sold at from 72c to 40c.

PROVISIONS.—The market is more active. Small sales are making at \$2.12 to 30c for new mess Pork, 15 to 17c for city packed, and 16 to 18c for Westons; and \$2.50 to 24.50 for city packed. Beef: sales are making at 10c to 12c for prime, and 11 to 12c for city. Pork: sales are making at 10c to 12c for prime, and 11 to 12c for city. Butter: sales are making at 10c to 12c for prime, and 11 to 12c for city. Cheese: sales are making at 10c to 12c for prime, and 11 to 12c for city. Eggs: sales are making at 10c to 12c for prime, and 11 to 12c for city.

COTTON.—The market continues dull. About 800 bales of middlings sold at 24c for Uplands and 25c for Sea Islands. For New Orleans.

RAIL.—Sales of No. 1 Quercion at \$12 to 10c. BEESWAX.—Sales of yellow at 44c to 45c. COAL.—We quote white ash at \$4.50 to 4.75, and red ash at \$4.25 to 4.50, ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS.—Sales of prime Western at 55c to 60c. FRUIT.—Dried Apples.—Sales of Southern are recorded at 10c, and Western at 8c to 9c. Dried Peaches: sales at 10c for fair, 12c for choice, and 15c for extra. Raisins: sales at 10c for fair, 12c for choice, and 15c for extra. Prunes: sales at 10c for fair, 12c for choice, and 15c for extra.

WOOL.—The market continues dull at 60c to 65c for double extra; 55c to 60c for extra; 50c to 55c for medium; 45c to 50c for coarse; 40c to 45c for good tub washed. Double 30s for fair and 35c for extra. Western pulled, 32 up to 40c for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 15,000 head. The price realized for 15,000 head was \$1.50 to 1.75. Cows brought from \$1.00 to 1.25. Steers, 300 head, were disposed of at from 75c to 1.00. Hogs sold at from \$1.00 to 1.10.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MISS A TRAIN.

I do not love Miss Fortune—
To her arts I bid defiance.
And I never should importune
To a marriage Miss Fortune.

I've hated Miss Construction
Whenever I have seen her,
So I should not, by induction,
Much care for Miss Deconstruction.

But of all the Misses various—
That are of horrid pain
The cause, like grinders various—
The worst is "Miss A. Train!"

Baking Powders.

The various baking powders that have been invented from time to time, having failed to give entire satisfaction to the baking public, the "Fat Contributor" has been prevailed upon to apply his inventive genius to the subject, which he has done with the most satisfactory results. He claims the following superior qualities for his baking powders:

Their Strength.—One package of my Baking Powders will raise bread to any height. I am convinced I could raise it clear up in the moon, if I could get there.

They are Economical.—For raising biscuits cheaply they are invaluable. With one teaspoonful, a woman the other day raised enough biscuits to keep the family a week. She raised it out of a baker's wagon.

For Baking.—They are good for baking bread, baking cake, baking pies, baking bick, and good for a clam bake. A woman who claimed that her husband "wasn't more than half baked," tried some of the powders on him. He isn't—baked him so hard that he has been crusty ever since.

Non-Explosive.—They won't explode, like some of the Gun Powders.

For Raising Cakes.—No powders like them for raising cakes. Ice men use them exclusively now for raising cakes of ice into their ice houses.

Raise Any Thing.—I have taken a plantation in Louisiana, and intend to use my powders to raise cotton with. A man wrote to me from Raglan that he had a large family of children to raise; wanted my advice how to do it. I sent him a package of my Baking Powders.

Gave me Lord's a package to try. The next day he raised my rent, which I had tried ineffectually to do for some time. Builders are using them all over the city to raise houses with. If you are hard up you might be able to "raise the wind" with them.

Beside the above uses, these Baking Powders are invaluable to raise money on a note, raise windows, raise your hat to the ladies, raise a kite, raise votes, raise the price of coal, raise a militia company, raise a breeze, raise the Ohio, raise corn, raise your eyebrows, raise your eyebrows, raise liberty poles, raise a mouse, raise your hair, raise umbrellas, raise a storm, raise watermelons, raise a ten dollar note from any one, raise the people, raise your temper, raise your hopes, &c.

Skeleton No. 4.

The Parisian landlady of a certain medical student who ineffectually dined her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last on resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning, and said, in a decided tone:

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you I will, madam, if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The student then went to a wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame—

"Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk, folding it up?"

"What is that?" asked the landlady, recoiling a little.

"That?"

"Yes, that."

"Put, that! Oh, it is the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him—and then!—He careful not to break it; it is No. 1 of my collection."

"Monseigneur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer and took another skeleton.

"This is my first landlord in the rue l'Ecole de Médecine. A very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it upon the other?" It is No. 2.

The landlady opened her two eyes as large as *porte cochère*.

"This," continued the student, "this is No. 3. They are all here. A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to No. 4."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled, almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

Latin Words.

A very good member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island once moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statute so that the common people could understand them. The exquisite folly of such a measure was by no means obvious to the great body of the assembly. It was as likely to pass as not. A good solid argument against it would probably have carried it through. The late Mr. Opdike took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. They were not afraid of any thing which they understood. It was these Latin words that they were afraid of. "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago, a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the Sheriff coming with a paper, and he asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ, what would he have cared? But he told him it was a *capias ad satisfactionem*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and has not been heard of since." Nor has the proposition to translate the Latin words in the statutes.

Diggory says he always respects old age, except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.



NATURE AND ART.

PEDERSTIAN—"That's an extraordinary looking dog, my boy. What do you call him?"
Boy—"Fast of all he ever had a greyhound, sir, an' 'is name was 'Fly,' an' then they cut 'is ears an' tail off, an' made a mastiff dog on 'im, an' now 'is name's 'Lion!'"

The English Language.

An accomplished American lady, at a party in London, recently, was asked to task by a blowsey Cockney, who asserted her h's in all directions, for some mispronunciation. "You must consider," said the fair Yankee, "how short a time I have heard English spoken. Of course my native tongue is Choctaw; and if my dress and behavior are not *convenient* and if I think how short a time it is since I wore nothing but paint and feathers, and always came into a room with a warwhoop."

Madam Britannia looked a little shocked and puzzled, but her good nature came to the rescue, and bursting into a great hearty laugh, she said:

"Well, my dear, don't be upset about it; we're all one flesh and blood, and I'm sure you're as white as any of us."

Smiles down on the resumption of space payments. He was once cheated with a bad quarter.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PIG PLOUGHING.

"The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys the call, Lives on the labors of this lord of all."

Had Pope stepped across the Strait of Dover and taken a walk through western France while his *Esquy on Man* was yet unwritten, it is likely that the two lines quoted would have been left out, or at least so modified that the pig would have had considerably more credit given him for industry than the poet has bestowed.

"Fought not," indeed! Probably poor Pope had never seen a pig outside of a London sty. If he had seen a hundred prairie shoats, or a drove of wild hogs in the woods of western Ohio, upheaving the surface of endless acres, pulverizing and disintegrating five times more effectively than any plough ever did the work, it is likely his pig would have been set to another tune. Why, pigs are ploughmen born—rooters by right of inheritance. And industrious, too, under proper conditions. Principal of these is a due degree of leanness. A plethoric has no necessity or very great ability to labor. Having put on ponderous proportions, your pig becomes indolent animated pork. His "being's end and aim" achieved, he is indifferent to all useful activity. But with his inherent proclivities for ploughing, a pig's services during life may be made as valuable to his proprietor as his marketable remains are after death.

A Franco-Swiss American friend and farmer of southwestern Missouri, ingenious in philosophy and practical in all agricultural economy, who, if we could but inveigle him from his entrenched modesty, is capable of affording the best hint among us may a valuable hint on rural jurisprudence, thus wisely suggests a profitable occupation to which a live hog may be put without cost or trouble:

"If shovelling and reshovelling over and over adds largely to the supply of nitrogen—as we know it does—in all composted manures, then a hog at hard labor upon a compost heap, having grains of corn sown through it to induce deep subsoiling, is the cheapest and most effective fertilizer known."

The same friend, who is familiar with all the best agricultural economy of western France, reminds us of a popular practice among the farmers there, whereby at certain seasons the services of a half-grown hog are made as valuable as those of a first class farm laborer. Throughout Brittany and much of the adjacent territory, where the apples are the finest in France, either the most delicious, and apple trees always thrive, free from all insect pests, bearing profusely to a great age, there are no fences in the American sense of the word, their substitutes dykes and ditches, and close along these apple trees are set in rows, thus forming an orchard neither by roots interfering with the cultivation of the fields, or by shade with the growth of grain.

The majority of these lands are farmed by tenants, who by one of the terms of lease are obliged to cultivate these border fruit trees twice a year. This, situated as they are, would be an impossibility by using plough or spade. So the ingenuity of the Breton farmer utilizes the native instinct of his pigs and turns their industry to profitable account. Taking to the field a dozen well grown shoats, situated in their own

ling's meal, each pig is appointed to an apple tree, tied by the hind leg, the length of the tether being sufficient to permit piggy to "swing around a circle" covering the extent of the roots. Thus attached, with an apple tree for his forenoon's work, shoat falls to vigorously in search of not only his dinner, but that portion of his breakfast of which he has been defrauded. His industry crops out in vigorous ploughing.

There are instances in which it is difficult to find causes for certain effects. The action of a hog, under such circumstances, is one of them. If you wish to see fully realized the old time axiom, "Root hog or die," just tether a hungry shoat to a tree or stake by the hind leg. Forthwith he pitches into the soil with all the might that is in him, and in a given time will turn a larger area of turf than the most expert Pat-lender in creation could do with mattock and spade.

When the work is well done about one tree, the pig ploughman is shifted to another by a boy in attendance, and so from day to day the work goes on until the whole is completed, the cultivation being more thorough than could be performed in any other manner, and the pigs when released from labor are in better condition than when first set to work.

Now, as pigs are pigs, of like propensities in all countries, and as in the United States apple tree roots and shade are as inimical to cultivation of orchard soil and growth of grain, it seems that the Breton plan of border planting and pig ploughing would be well worthy of adoption by farmers and fruit growers in the United States as well as in western France.

FARMING FALLACIES.

In many instances there is as much merit and more profit in knowing how and when a thing should not be done, as there is in being properly posted in doing other things in the right way and at the proper season. A few instances to illustrate: Every farmer ought to know a great deal better than to follow the formula lately laid down by an eminent agriculturist (in print) for producing maximum crops of beet and biggest potatoes, namely—Manuring the land first with green stable manure, at the rate of forty loads per acre, ploughing in; then ploughing to the surface five inches of sub-soil, dressing that with super phosphate, 600 lbs. to the acre, planting small potatoes out, six in a hill, twelve inches apart, rows two and a half feet, giving each hill a handful of flour of bone, covering two inches, and cultivating twice a week through the season; promising for such a practice an average of 350 bushels of potatoes per acre. *Forward, yes—but he don't mean that.*

Suppose one should succeed in getting 350 bushels of potatoes per acre by following that formula, what then? Why, only that they would have to bring within a fraction of \$2.50 per bushel to cover expenses. Wherefore, such potato practice would be a fallacy—a method that all farmers will do well not to learn.

Doctor C—, of—somewhere in Ohio, a skillful surgeon, successful physician, scientific, sensible upon most topics, jovial, jolly, a *bon compaignon*, and a fast, firm friend of Cosmo's, read out of a copy of the *Country Gentleman*, one afternoon when we happened to be with him, some Connecticut man's account of his great success with a quarter of an acre of cucumbers. So many sent to New York, so many sold in New Haven market; so many put down in pickles, with prices duly credited to cucumbers, totaling up a prodigious profit.

Dr. C— laid down the "Gentleman," looked out through the open window over twenty acres of ruddy, up-and-down, dry knoll and springy swale pasture—all the land he owned except the half acre of fruit and vegetable garden—blew out a little low, long, straight string of whistle, and then all animation, turning to Miss C—, said:

"Margaret, my dear, we'll plant ten acres of cucumbers!"

"Ah! will it be profitable to raise cucumbers here, Thomas?"

"Oh yes, my dear—anywhere. Yes, wife—we'll plant *fourteen* acres of cucumbers, right away."

"But, husband, is the middle of October the proper season to plant cucumbers in Ohio?"

"What? By hem! I forgot all about that. Thank you, wife. After all, I guess it's worth about as much as to do things, as it is to be perfectly posted on the other side."

A friend who has a fairly productive grain and grass farm up in one of the wood-and-water counties of our Keystone state, took the fowl fever, and was going to make a fortune in four years in the poultry and eggs enterprise.

Happening to be acquainted somewhat with the nature of the country, and more with the character of our friend's natural neighbors, we advised him to abandon the domestic bird business and stick to stock, grain, and grain growing. Not he—not a bit of it. He knew how to head off foxes, minks, hawks, owls, and all such "vermin."

So he went into fowls, investing about \$700 in fancy stock and fixtures, and went on three years. Happening to drop down in that locality in the autumn of 1886, we found our fowl friend gone back to grain, grass, and stock raising, satisfied that proper conditions for fowl raising were not popular features of his near neighborhood. Having spent \$2,000 and two and a half years in an earnest effort to make a fortune by producing poultry, the result was publicly paraded for inspection.

Three scrubby-looking geese, an old stub-winged, bow-legged Bremen gander; two dilapidated, rusty old Golden Hamburgh hens; a pair of Roman ducks, that looked as if they had been run three times through a smut machine; a grave old Muscovy drake, blind in both eyes; and a desolate, crestless old bronze turkey gobbler, that walked painfully, limping on both legs. That inventory made up the sum total of all that remained of our friend's fancy fowl stock. Foxes, owls, minks, and unskilfulness had reduced their ranks to a wretched, ridiculous remainder.

The invalid critics reviewed, Tom remarked, seriously:—"All this has come of my ignorance, in not knowing what was best not to do. A better knowledge of negatives would have saved me several thousand dollars."

Tom had learned by dear experience, that fowl fancies, like all others misdirected, are fallacies fatal to success.

GATHERED GRAINS.

Peaches will be plenty the coming season throughout all the peach-producing regions of Maryland, Delaware, and South Jersey. Jack of the North has killed off comparatively few after all.

Oats in and up, potatoes planted, and preparations for putting in corn, generally completed throughout those portions of the four midland states included in our agricultural circuit. According to observation and the most reliable information we are able to obtain, the acre occupied by each of these crops will exceed that of last year by about one-sixth.

The acquisition of Russian America at a cost of about one and three-eighths cents per acre, has given us two hours more of sunlight to our days, a cod-fishery better than that of Great Britain, the best salmon fisheries in the world, a fur territory next in value to that of the Hudson Bay Company, and a hundred million dollars' worth of first class ship timber.

One day last week a Potomac seine brought out 26,000 fine fat shad at a single haul. Fine shad selling at Philadelphia wharves for \$10 a hundred. Not much necessity of people becoming mere shadders, at such figures.

The decision is that our State Agricultural Fair and Cattle Show is to be held at Norristown this year.

RECIPTS.

POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take the mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner, mix smooth with a little milk, and fill the dozen cups of an iron bread pan, well heated and greased. Brown in the oven. They will turn out shapely, light and excellent.

SORREL should not be so thick as spinach, but have the consistency more of a thick sauce or soup. It is generally not served by itself, but under a piece of stewed veal or veal cutlets. The pleasant acidity of a pure sorrel goes very well with veal, and it is made more attractive by the addition of one or two yolks of egg stirred into it with the milk or cream; in this case, however, it is not necessary to put in any butter or stock.

A piece of sorrel, made rather thick, may be served by itself, with poached or fried eggs disposed upon it, or simply hard boiled eggs cut into quarters. By using spinach instead of sorrel you have another very good dish.

SPINACH is prepared by the same process, exactly as the turnip-tops, besides which there are several other vegetables which, similarly treated, are a very good substitute for it. The leaves of the white-beet, *Porte in French*, and even those of the common beetroot, *Betterave*, also what the French call *Cresson de fontaine*, a kind of water-cress, make a very good spinach. The young shoots of nettles may also be used.

A skillful cook will produce very artistic *potages* or dishes of the nature of spinach by the judicious combination of spinach, sorrel, white-beet, water-cress, chervil, and lettuce. A head of the latter, thrown in with spinach or sorrel when it is put to boil in the first instance, is always an improvement to either.

AN APPARUS FIRED.—Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, bake a thin batter of flour, salt and water, and add the eggs. After the apparatus has been broken into pieces and boiled till about half done, dip into the batter and fry in hot fat.

CHINA ORANGE CREAM.—Take 6 China oranges, the yolks of six eggs, and the white of one. Mix the juice of the oranges with the eggs, sweeten and strain it, then boil it like a custard, stirring it one way. When almost ready add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg.

DEED APPLE FRUIT CAKE.—One and one half cup of molasses; one-half cup brown sugar; three cups of flour; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus; one egg; one-half cup of butter; one and one half cups of sweet apple, soaked and chopped, put into the molasses and boiled; spice to suit the taste.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUN OFF.—Slake the lime in the usual way. Mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps; then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour it while hot into a bucket of the slaked lime, and add one pound of whiting. Stir all well together. A little "blue water," made by squeezing the indigo bag, or a little pulverized indigo mixed with water, improves it.

TO BLEACH STRAW PLAIT.—Expose to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chest or box or immerse in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards wash it well in water. Water, strongly acidulated with oil of vitriol or oxalic acid, is also used for the same purpose.

TO REMOVE PAINT MARKS FROM DRESS.—Soften it with any kind of grease, and then apply spirits of turpentine or ammonia to remove the mark made with the grease.

THE RIZZLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 2, 11, 8, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 7, 4, is a part of my 2, 13, 7, 6.
My 13, 7, 8, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 5, 13, 13, 9, are parts of the body.
My 2, 7, 11, 10, is covering for the head.
My 5, 8, 6, 11, 7, 8, 9, were the original natives of America.
My 5, 10, 13, indicates anger.
My 13, 6, 3, 8, is a garden spoken of in the Bible.
My whole is the name of a celebrated poem.
J. P. C.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 6, 1, 6, 5, 2, is one of the Sandwich Islands.
My 4, 6, 9, 13, 10, is a town in Zanguebar.
My 3, 5, 7, 6, is a town in South America.
My 9, 6, 12, 7, 13, 11, 6, is a sea in the eastern hemisphere.
My 14, is the 23rd letter of the alphabet.
My whole has contributed some splendid enigmas to the Saturday Evening Post.
Pittsburg, Pa. SADIE L. PORTER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of wine.
My second is a pronoun.
My third is what a girl is sometimes called.
My whole is a country in Europe.
WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A given weight *P*, draws another given weight *W* up an inclined plane of known height and length, by means of a string parallel to the plane. When and where must *P* cease to act that *W* may describe just $\frac{1}{2}$ of the distance up the plane?
Tobinsport, Ind. J. B. SANDERS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the number of fifteen that can be made out of a pack of cards.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hexagon is formed by drawing lines from each of the angles of a triangle (whose sides are 8, 10, and 12 rods) perpendicular to the sides containing that angle. Required—the area of the hexagon thus formed.
Pottsville, Adair Co., Mo. J. M. GREENWOOD.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is better than a promising young man? Ans.—A paying one.

If you wish to fatten a thin baby, what should you do with it? Ans.—Throw it out of the window, and it will come down plump.

Why are chimney-sweeps expensive dealers in clothing? Ans.—Because they get a soot at every sweep.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? Ans.—When it is rung for dinner.

What is the difference between a soldier and a bombshell? Ans.—Why one goes to wars and the other goes to pieces.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Evangeline."

"The Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave."

Over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 23rd—Distance across of the stations 63 rods; length of ropes 31.5 rods; area of meadow 90 acres, 1 rood, 31.26 rods; amount to be paid \$116.89. W. H. Morrow and J. B. Sanders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—is the required chance. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, of March 9th—600 square feet. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. D. Middleton's PROBLEM of March 9th—\$50. L. C. Glessner; L. Lebus; J. B. Sanders; C. E. Willmott; C. T. Lindsey; J. W. Barrett; J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM of March 22nd—300 feet. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM—1263.9484 yards. E. P. Norton.

THE APRIL RAIN.

BY R. H. BACON.

Soft comes the April rain to bud and flower

And tender grass—the shrinking violet

Unharm'd receives the gently falling shower,

And scarce her petals by its gift are wet:

The blue bell, peeping from the trellised bow,

Holds up her tiny goblet to the sky,

Till on its rim a dainty pearl is set,

Such as the ladies cannot give, nor buy:

And in the fragrant blossom sits the bee,

Secure: the oriole forgets his melody,

And trains his scarlet wings, his ebony bill

Uplifting gratefully: And, as I look, the hill

Is bathed in sunlight; ceased the gentle rain;

And bird and bee take up their song again.